

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

MARY FORD



THE CHILDREN'S STUDY



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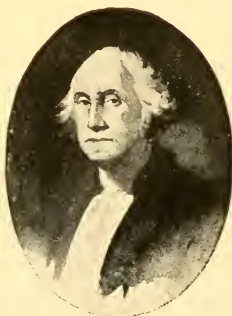


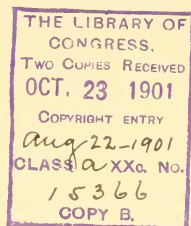
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BY

MARY FORD

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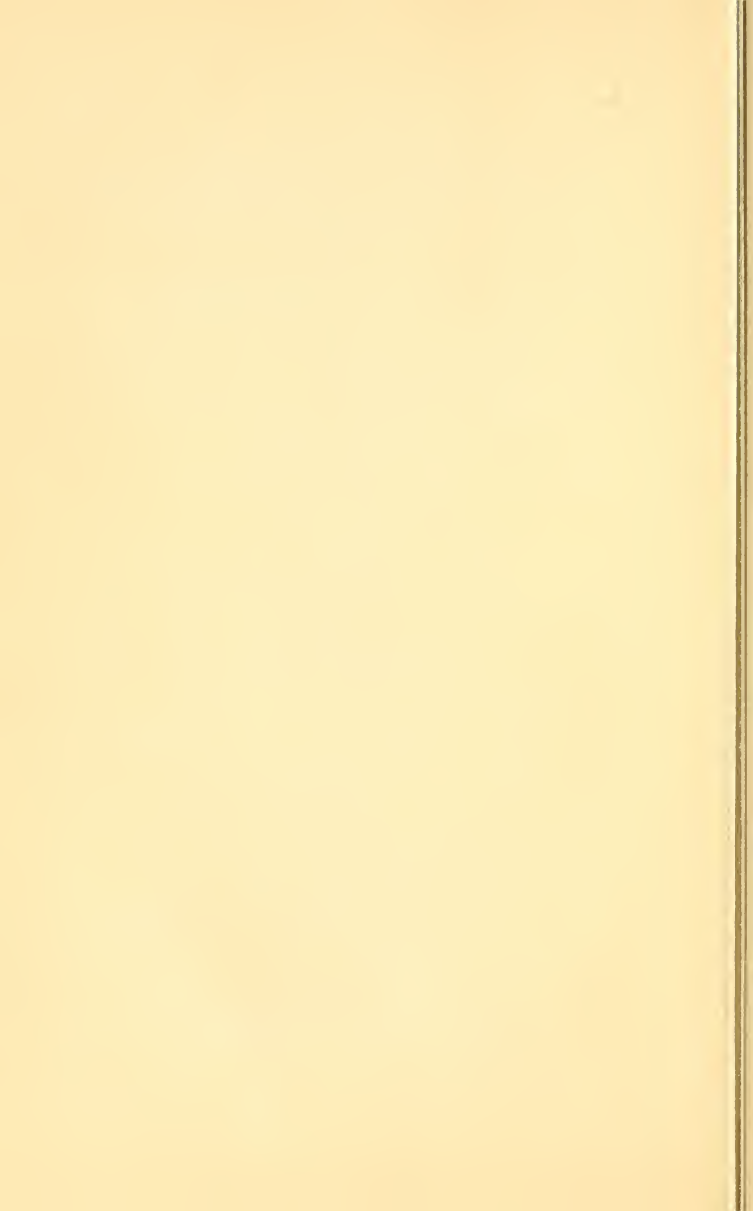
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History of the United States

CHAPTER I

IN early times the people who lived in Europe, Asia and Africa had no idea that beyond the broad Atlantic Ocean there was another great continent. Daring and bold as were the sailors of those times they had never dared to set sail across that unknown sea, and all their trading was done with the East Indies. There they found many rich and beautiful things, but it was a long and weary journey from Europe. There was no canal at Suez then, and when they had sailed down the Mediterranean, they had to unload their ships, and carry all their goods across the Isthmus to the Red Sea, where they took ship again across the Indian Ocean. The merchants did not like all this trouble, and were always trying to find a way to the East by sea

only. One man especially thought about it a great deal. His name was Christopher Columbus, and he lived in the town of Genoa in Italy, and spent much time in making plans and charts. He was one of the very few people in those days who believed that the world was round, and this made him think that a way could be found to the Indies by sailing to the west. He was a poor man and could not afford to hire a ship in which to explore, so he went to the chief men in his native town, and begged them to help him, but they only laughed at him and called him mad. Columbus, however, was very much in earnest, and as he could not get help from his own countrymen, he went to the King of Portugal. The King listened to all he had to say and then, without a word to Columbus, secretly sent a ship to the west to see if what Columbus believed was true; but the men grew frightened when they lost sight of land, and speedily came back, saying that Columbus must have dreamed. Columbus next journeyed to Spain, hoping that the King and Queen of that country would help him. On the way thither he stopped at the gate of a con-

vent to beg for food and drink, and the Superior came out to talk to him. Columbus told him his story, and he was so much struck with it that he sent a message to the King and Queen, urging them to give the poor man their aid, and so they did; indeed it is said that the Queen even sold some of her jewels to get enough money to fit out an expedition, and at last after years of patient waiting, Columbus found himself in command of three small vessels and a hundred and twenty men. On the 3d of August, 1492, they sailed from Spain, and soon afterwards left the Canary Islands behind them, and boldly plunged into the "Sea of Darkness" as it was called, which no vessel had ever yet entered, and of which they had no knowledge and no chart. The great faith of their leader kept up their courage for a time, but when they had sailed about 600 miles the men began to be afraid. Every day they were getting further away from home, and there was no sign of the rich country Columbus had promised them. As time went on they grew more and more angry and frightened, and at last refused to go any farther; some of them even wanting to throw

Columbus overboard. He tried to calm them but in vain; they would only promise to go on for another three days, and if by that time there were no signs of land, they said the expedition must be given up. You can imagine what an anxious lookout Columbus kept as the three days went by, and very soon he saw signs that they were nearing land. Floating seaweed appeared, and flocks of birds were seen, some of which rested all night on the masts of the ships, flying away in the morning to the west. On the night of the third day Columbus was standing on the deck, trying to see through the darkness, when suddenly a light flickered on the horizon; he shouted to the crew, who came rushing on deck, and in the dawn they saw spread out before them a green and beautiful land. Great was the joy and excitement of the adventurers; they forgot all their anger and fear, and pressed round their leader with shouts of joy. A boat was lowered and put for the shore, and as the sun rose, Columbus, richly dressed, and with a drawn sword in his hand, took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. A few natives gathered round them on the beach;

they were copper colored, with long straight black hair hanging over their shoulders, and wearing scarcely any clothes; at first they were rather shy, but soon became friendly, and gave the adventurers food in return for trinkets and beads.

When Columbus found that they were not on the mainland as he had hoped, but only on an island (one of the Bahamas) he went on looking for the great continent he felt sure must be near, and sailed about among the Islands, but as he could not find it he returned to Spain. He was joyfully received by the Spaniards, and loaded with praises and honors; but he could not rest until he had succeeded in his search. Three times more he journeyed to the west, and in 1498 he landed triumphantly in South America, which to the very last day of his life he believed to be part of Asia, probably India, never dreaming that he had discovered a new continent; and he called the natives Indians, by which name they were ever afterwards known.

The way having thus been opened for them, adventurers from all parts of Europe flocked

to the west, eager for gold and glory, and one of them, a man named Amerigo Vespucci, claimed to be the real discoverer of the mainland, although Columbus had landed there more than a year before him. It was not Vespucci who gave his own name to the new land. It was a German professor named Martin Waldseemuller, a maker of maps, who first suggested, in 1507, that the new land be called after its discoverer. He meant no injustice to Columbus, who, it was then believed, had only discovered a new route to Asia. The name America was at first applied only to Brazil ; in time it came to be applied to all South America, and finally to the whole Continent.

The King of England sent out two explorers, John Cabot and his son Sebastian, natives of Genoa in his employ, who discovered North America, sailing along the coast from Labrador to Virginia, and thus founding the English claim to the eastern part of North America. The King of France sent out two expeditions, which explored the coast as far north as Newfoundland, giving it the name of New France, and founding the French claim to Canada.

These were followed by Spaniards who discovered the Mississippi, and Florida, the "Country of Flowers," and many others.

The first attempt to plant a settlement was made by some French people, who landed in what was afterwards called South Carolina, but quarrels broke out among them, and many died, the others returning to France. A second attempt was made in Florida, but with the same result.

In 1583 an Englishman called Sir Humphrey Gilbert was given a grant by Elizabeth, his Queen, "of such remote, heathen and barbarous lands as he might discover and occupy"; and sailing to Newfoundland he took possession of that country; but being drowned at sea on his way back to England his attempt came to nothing.

In the following year another Englishman called Sir Walter Raleigh was given a grant, and after a short visit to North Carolina, returned to England, loaded with furs, sassafras and cedar, and also bringing with him tobacco, which he found on Roanoke Island, and the potato. On arriving at the English Court he

told such wonderful stories of the beautiful country, and of the rare and precious things he had seen there, that the Queen was delighted at the idea of her new and important possession, and ordered it to be called Virginia, in honor of herself, the "Virgin" Queen. Raleigh, encouraged by his success, sent out a second expedition to plant a colony on Roanoke Island; but, hearing that gold was to be found in South America, the men hastened thither, and, after having wasted their time and money in a fruitless search, returned to England empty-handed.

In 1587 a hundred and seventeen men were sent out, but as there was war between England and Spain at the time, two years went by before any ships from home could be spared to visit them, and in the meantime they all died. Several other expeditions ended in a similar manner.

In 1606 two English Companies were formed for the purpose of planting colonies in North America; they were called the London and the Plymouth Companies, and James I. divided Virginia between them, giving the northern

part to the Plymouth, and the southern part to the London Company. These two companies were made up of merchants who wanted to open up trade with America, and work the mines of precious metals, of which they believed the country was full.

The London Company began by sending out three ships and a hundred and five emigrants under the command of Captain Newport, who took with him a sealed box, which was not to be opened until they reached their new home. Long before the voyage was over the leaders of the party began to quarrel, and one of them, named John Smith, was put into irons by the others, who pretended that he had planned to murder them, and make himself King of Virginia. The truth was they were jealous of him, as they could not help seeing how fitted he was to be their leader; he was so brave, persevering, and clever at making the best of things. His life hitherto had been full of adventures; when he was fifteen he had run away from his master, an English merchant, and traveled on foot all over Europe. When he arrived in Austria he joined in a war against the

Turks, and, after becoming famous for his daring courage, was taken prisoner, and sent as a slave to Constantinople, where he was very unkindly treated. But he soon escaped, and began wandering again from country to country, arriving in England at last just in time to join Newport's expedition to the west.

After sailing across the Atlantic the little fleet was blown by a storm into Chesapeake Bay, and there the adventurers saw with delight the mouth of a wide and beautiful river, up which they peacefully sailed, stopping every now and then to talk with the Indians on the banks, who were mostly friendly; one chief even promising to give them as much land as they wanted. On the 13th of May, 1607, they landed, and calling the place Jamestown, after King James, founded the first real English settlement in North America. The sealed box was opened, and found to contain the names of those who were to form the council, and a set of laws for the government of the colony. A Governor was chosen, but Smith's name, which was on the list, they struck out.

It was indeed a desperate venture that this

little band of colonists had set out upon ; the whole country round, though beautiful, was only a wilderness, covered with vast treacherous swamps and dense forests, where bands of Indians lurked, armed with bows, arrows and tomahawks. The colonists, who were nearly all gentleman adventurers and knew little or nothing about farming, never thought of sowing any crops on their first arrival, and when the provisions they had brought with them had all gone, they suffered greatly from want of food, and from illness, caused by the hot damp climate. In their misery and trouble they began to think of John Smith, and his cleverness and cheerfulness, and they remembered that all this time they had kept him in prison. Half ashamed, and yet longing for his help, they set him free, and without a word of reproach he at once set to work. He built a fort as a defense against the Indians, and made long journeys into the wilderness to get food from the friendly natives. He was a very determined man, and when he could not get what he wanted by fair means he took it either by force or cunning ; once he even seized a favorite Indian idol, and would not give it up

until he had received a large store of provisions in ransom. Unfortunately, however this conduct set the Indians against the colonists, and they began to keep a sharp lookout for any chance to injure them. They did not make any open attacks, but lay in wait to fall upon the colonists when they were off their guard.

One day Smith went out to explore the little river Chickahominy; he sailed up it as far as he could, and then landing, left the boat in charge of his men, only taking with him two followers and two Indian guides. When he was out of sight the Indians, who were lurking in the woods close at hand, came out and seized the boat, and then set off in pursuit of Smith. They soon overtook him and attacked him, and in a few minutes his two companions lay dead, and he was wounded; but he fought on, retreating at the same time towards the boat, not knowing that the savages had seized it; when suddenly the ground gave way under his feet, and he sank almost up to his neck in a swamp. With a shout of triumph the savages set upon him, and carried him off prisoner to their Chief, Pow-

hatan, who held a council, and condemned him to death ; but as Powhatan raised his club to strike the fatal blow a cry was heard, and Pocahontas, his pretty little twelve-year-old daughter, ran forward and throwing her arms round Smith, begged her father to spare his life. Powhatan hesitated for a moment, but he could refuse his little daughter nothing, and setting Smith free, sent him back to Jamestown with a dozen guides.

The colonists were now in a sad state, hunger, illness, and war had reduced their number to thirty-eight, and they were so unhappy and despairing that all they wanted was to give up the struggle, and go back to their native land. Smith vainly tried to cheer them up, and encourage them to persevere a little longer, but they would not listen to him, and began to make ready to return to England in one of their little vessels. This he was determined they should not do, and rushing into the fort he pointed the heavy guns they had set up there at the ship, and threatened to sink it. The men, seeing that he was in earnest, suddenly disembarked, and returned to the town. Smith worked among them night and day, cheering them on with hopes of

better days, until even the Indians grew to admire and respect him, and meanwhile Pocahontas, always their faithful friend, kept them supplied with food.

After a time Captain Newport returned with another little fleet of ships, full of emigrants, and provisions in plenty. But now when they had no longer any fear of starving, the colonists forgot all that they owed to Smith, and refused to be led by him any longer. One day when matters were in this state, a man came running into the town with the news, that he had seen gold lying on the banks of a little stream, north of Jamestown. Every one gathered round him eagerly, and, as they listened, a wild thirst for gold seized them, and leaving everything, they rushed off excitedly to the place, and began digging up the yellow rock, and piling it on a ship to be sent to England, working night and day in the hope of making great fortunes. But a great disappointment was in store for them, for when the precious cargo reached England it was found to be nothing but common mud, filled with little pieces of shining stone.

Smith, meantime, finding himself deserted by

the colonists, went off to explore the coast of Chesapeake Bay. With great care and trouble he examined every inlet, river and creek, and did not go back to Jamestown until he had finished his provisions. When he arrived, the colonists were all quarreling and discontented, and they hailed Smith with joy, and begged him to come and be their leader again ; but he refused and only waiting to collect provisions, went back to Chesapeake to finish his explorations ; he also visited the countries round, fighting with some of the Indians, and trading with others, and becoming widely known for his courage and wisdom. On his return to Jamestown the colonists again urged him to become Governor, and he at last consented ; order was restored and for a time the affairs of Virginia prospered.

In 1609 the London Company sent out nine more ships, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers. The ship which carried these officers was wrecked on the coast of one of the Bermuda Islands, and it was months before they could get to Jamestown. The emigrants on the other ships were a rough and

reckless lot, mostly consisting of men who, from idleness and wickedness, had been unable to get on in their native land, and Smith had great difficulty in keeping them in order. The arrival of these ships made the Indians fear that the white people were becoming too powerful, and they determined to surprise Jamestown and kill every man, woman and child in the colony ; but news of this plot reached the ears of Pocahontas, and resolving to save her friends at any cost, she secretly left her father's wigwam one dark and stormy night, and made her way alone and on foot through the forests to Jamestown, just in time to warn Smith of their terrible danger. The whole place was at once prepared for an attack, and when the Indians cautiously stole up, they found every one on the alert, and had to retire into the woods as rapidly as they could. Less than a month afterwards Smith received a dangerous wound, and went back to England for proper treatment, and directly he was out of the way the Indians besieged Jamestown. The colonists had now no means of obtaining food and they soon began to starve ; indeed, after a few weeks they had nothing left, and, mad with hunger,

were even compelled to eat the dead bodies of the Indians they killed, and their own dead companions. Their sufferings were frightful, and never afterwards could they speak of that terrible "starving-time," as it was called, without a shudder. One by one they died, and when at length the Indians retreated, only sixty colonists were left out of five hundred. The men who had been wrecked on the Bermudas now arrived, and dismayed by the miserable state of the colony, they agreed that the best thing to be done was for them all to leave the country and return to England. But they had hardly started when they were met by Lord Delaware, the new Governor of Virginia, who had come over with a number of emigrants and a large supply of provisions, and he persuaded them to return with him to Jamestown and make one more effort; and after a time under his wise rule the affairs of the colony began to improve; other emigrants arrived and new towns were founded.

In 1612 an English Captain, who was trading up the river, met Pocahontas, and inviting her on board his vessel, took her captive to James-

town, thinking he would thus obtain great power over the Indians, and compel them to give him anything he wanted. Powhatan, however, was furious at such treachery, and as he refused to come to any terms until his daughter was restored to him, she was sent back ; and with her came a young Englishman named Rolfe, whose heart had been won by her beauty and noble nature, and with the consent of her father they were married. This was a very good thing for the colonists, as Powhatan became their firm friend, and insisted that all the Indians for miles round should be friendly too. The young couple soon after made a journey to England, where Pocahontas was received with much honor and interest, but, to the great grief of her husband she died just as they were about to return to America, leaving behind her a little son, from whom some of the oldest families in Virginia are descended. After her death Rolfe came back to the colony, bringing with him the tobacco plant from Roanoke Island, and it soon became one of the chief products of the colony.

When Virginia was first planted, all the land

was owned in common, and the produce of each colonist's labor was placed in the public stores ; but it was soon found that this plan did not answer, as the men did not work nearly so hard as they would have done for themselves and their families alone. It was therefore agreed that each man should be given three acres of land on which he might work for the greater part of his time only an hour or two each day being spent in the public field. This new rule was a complete success, and after a time more land was divided out among the colonists and all work in the public field given up.

Emigrants were still continually arriving and there were now about four thousand people in the colony, living in eleven settlements called boroughs, and ruled by a Governor and Council ; but as they wanted to have the same sort of Governments as they had been used to in England, each of the eleven boroughs chose two men to be their representatives, whom they called burgesses, and these burgesses formed an Assembly or House of Burgesses. The first meeting of this representative body, the first of the kind ever held in our country, met in the

choir of the church at Jamestown on the 3d of July, 1619.

In 1620 a Dutch vessel came to Jamestown, bringing twenty Africans, who were bought as slaves by the colonists; and this was the beginning of the system of slavery, afterwards to be the cause of much trouble and distress.

Virginia was now fairly prosperous, and every one was happy and contented, when just as their prospects seemed brightest, a new and terrible trouble burst upon them. Powhatan, their friend, was dead, and his successor, Opecanough, a clever, wicked man, was secretly their deadly enemy, and by threats and bribes he persuaded all the tribes round to join with him in a horrible plot to destroy every man, woman and child in one of the settlements. There was no Pocahontas now to warn the unfortunate whites, and not a word of the plot reached their ears, the Indians meantime pretending the greatest friendliness for them, even on the very morning the attack was to take place, bringing them presents of game. At noon the signal was given, and in a few hours three hundred and forty-seven men, women and chil-

dren were cruelly slain by the savages; others too would have been victims had not one Indian repented at the last moment and told his master just in time to send word to the nearer settlements. The remaining colonists rushed off in hot pursuit of the Indians and did not rest until they were all either slain or put to flight.

This great misfortune attracted the attention of King James to Virginia, but not in a satisfactory way for the colonists; he no longer allowed them to choose their own burgesses, and made several new and hard laws, under which the people suffered and grumbled until 1636, when a very tyrannical Governor was appointed, named Sir John Harvey, whose rule was so hard and cruel that, unable to bear it, they seized him, and sent him prisoner to England with two of their Burgesses to explain the matter. But Charles I, who was now King, was very angry at the disrespect shown to his representative, and without paying any attention to what the Burgesses had to say, he sent the Governor straight back to Virginia with full power to punish the rebels. In 1639, however, a new Governor was elected and Charles allowed the Virginians to

elect their own Burgesses again, for which they were so grateful that in the Civil War which soon afterwards broke out between the King and his Parliament, they remained loyal to the Royalist cause even after the death of Charles I. The Parliament sent out a large fleet in 1652 to subdue them, and Berkeley, the Governor, though he made a gallant resistance, was obliged to yield, and a new Governor was appointed, who ruled the colonists for nine years with a hand of iron, punishing them in every way for their loyalty to the King.

In 1660, after the death of Cromwell, when the Royalists were victorious, and Charles II ascended the throne of England, Berkeley was once more made Governor, and the Virginians looked for better times; but forgetting their loyalty to him in his exile, Charles laid heavy taxes upon them, and even divided some of their land among his favorites. This, of course, caused much discontent, which was further increased by the bad government of Berkeley, who, though a brave and loyal man, cared nothing for the well-being of the colony, and did not try to keep the Indians in check,

so that they robbed the houses and fields of the colonists at will. At last the Virginians resolved to take matters into their own hands, and under the leadership of a young Burgess called Nicholas Bacon, they gathered round Berkeley's house, and insisted that they should be allowed to go and put down the Indians. Berkeley very unwillingly consented, but directly Bacon and his party had left the town he proclaimed them all rebels. When this news reached Bacon he quickly returned, full of wrath, to Jamestown ; Berkeley fled, and left him in possession of the town. But many of the Virginians rallied round Berkeley, and a civil war followed, during which Jamestown was burnt to the ground, and its fruitful fields laid waste. Charles had to send troops from England to help Berkeley, but meantime Bacon died suddenly and the people quietly laid down their arms. Berkeley now became Governor for the third time, and the first use he made of his power was to punish all those who had taken part in the rebellion, with such severity and cruelty, that even Charles was angry, and recalled him to England, where he spent the rest of his days in retirement. After he had

gone many things began to improve in Virginia ; hitherto, though the oldest of the colonies, she had been behind the others in learning and knowledge of all kinds ; this was chiefly due to Berkeley, who, it is said, thanked God that there were no free schools nor printing presses in the colony. In 1692 the William and Mary College was founded for the teaching of those who wanted to become ministers. It was named after the King and Queen of England, who gave the colonists 20,000 acres of land on which to build it. Schools too were opened, printing offices were set up, and Virginia took her place as one of the chief of the colonies.

CHAPTER II

WE must now go back to the days of James I, and tell the story of the planting of Massachusetts.

In 1606 the Plymouth Company sent out two ships to explore the lands in North America granted them by the King; one of these ships was seized by the Spaniards, but the other came back in safety, bringing a good report of the country. Thereupon the Company sent out forty-five men to begin a colony; but the hardships they met with discouraged them, and they returned to England at the first opportunity, with such a piteous tale of the troubles they had endured that the idea of planting a colony was given up.

In 1614, John Smith, the hero of Virginia, went north with an exploring party, and on his return he sent a map of his discoveries, with a glowing account of the places he had visited, to Prince Charles, who was much pleased, and

named the country New England. Smith tried to plant a colony, but troubles recalled him to Virginia, and for six years the Indians and wild beasts who lived there were left in peace.

Towards the end of the reign of James I there were in England a number of people called Puritans, who were very strict and simple in their ideas, and did not at all hold with the gay pleasure-loving ways of the time; and as they were not allowed to keep to themselves, and worship God in the way they thought right, they determined to leave their homes in England, and seek a refuge in the New World. Nineteen families accordingly set sail in a ship called the "Mayflower," and after a long and stormy passage, they landed in New England, on a bare and desolate coast, bordered with gloomy forests. It was the middle of the winter and the cold was terrible, far worse than they had ever known it in England; but they set to work at once in grim earnest; each family built itself a log-house, and this little collection of dwellings they called New Plymouth. A few Indians appeared when they landed, but ran off frightened at the sight of the strangers, and it was not till some

time after that one of the chiefs ventured up to the settlement, attracted by the music of their drum and fife band, and made friends with them. Every day the cold grew more bitter, and to add to their sufferings their provisions were soon finished, and they had to live on clams, mussels and other shell-fish, and nuts and acorns instead of bread. Many of the colonists belonged to rich and noble families, and had given up everything, homes, riches and friends, and come out into this unknown country, ready to face any hardships for the sake of their religion. One of these was the young and lovely Lady Arabella Johnson, who, as an old chronicler tells us, “came from a Paradise of plenty into a wilderness of wants, and although celebrated for her many virtues, she was not able to encounter the adversity she was surrounded with, and about a month after her arrival she ended her days.” Her husband died of grief soon after, and before the spring came half the little colony had perished. But the faith which had brought them there never wavered ; and at length as the warm weather came on their prospects began to brighten ; other colonists came out, and after a

time their number was increased to three hundred. In 1623 the colony of New Hampshire was planted, in 1628 that of Massachusetts Bay, and in 1630 fifteen hundred emigrants came over and founded Boston and other towns. But although they were now fairly prosperous, the colonists continued to live in the same simple way as at first, looking upon any sort of finery or luxury as a snare of the devil, and strictly keeping the rules of their religion; they tried to keep out all evil-doers by making a law, that no one, who was not a member of their church, the Congregational, should be allowed to have any voice in the affairs of the colony. Thus they lived, simply and peacefully, until the coming of a young Puritan preacher named Roger Williams. With fiery earnestness he spoke against their narrow views, and loudly demanded freedom of thought for all. The colonists were very angry; few took his part, and he was turned out of the settlement in the depths of a terrible New England winter, to wander through the snow-buried forests he knew not whither. He would have died had not some friendly Indians sheltered him; and in the spring they

gave him some land, on which he began to build the town called Providence, (because he believed it was God's Providence that saved him), and a few followers having joined him, the settlement of Rhode Island was founded.

In 1635, among other emigrants who came out to Massachusetts, was a clever, high-minded young man named Sir Henry Vane, whose gravity and goodness endeared him to the colonists, and they made him Governor before he had been there a year. But the peace of the colony was not to last; Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, a very learned woman for that time, earnest and bold, was the next disturber; she held meetings for women, at which she spoke very strongly against the narrow religion of the colonists in much the same way that Williams had done. Vane upheld everything she said, but none of the church rulers would listen to her. She was publicly condemned in church meeting, and obliged to take refuge in Rhode Island; but, unfortunately choosing to live on the outskirts of that colony, some unfriendly Indians burnt her house to the ground, and she and her children perished in the flames. Vane, meantime, had gone back to

England in disgust, after he was defeated and Winthrop made governor.

Soon after the colony was again disturbed by people who wanted to worship God in a different way; this time it was by some Quakers, who came over from England; they were well-meaning, sincerely good people, but, as they loudly declared that they were right, and every one else was wrong, they were much disliked by the colonists, so much so indeed, that a law was passed banishing them on pain of death, and as two or three of them persisted in remaining, they were executed without mercy.

Besides these religious trials, the colonists were troubled by unbelievers. One Thomas Morton, teaching that life was meant for pleasure, gathered a little band around him at a place called the "Merry Mount," about five miles from Boston, and there they spent their days singing, drinking and dancing round a huge May-pole. The strict members of the colony were greatly shocked at these doings, and reproved Morton, but without effect, and when they found that, in his eagerness to do a good beaver trade with the Indians, he had

taught them to shoot, and given them firearms and shot, they turned the mischief-maker out of the colony, and he had to spend the rest of his life drearily in England.

The colony was rapidly growing larger, and new settlements were planted ; one in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, another called Maine, and a third New Haven ; and the people began to long for a college, as they greatly dreaded the idea of having ignorant ministers, when those who were now with them were dead and gone. While they were wondering what could be done, the Rev. John Harvard came forward, and offered to give half his estate, amounting to £1,700, and all his library, and thus founded Harvard College. It was warmly supported by the people ; each family in the colony giving either a peck of corn or a shilling in money. The name of the town, near which it was built, was changed to Cambridge, after the college of that name in England. The first printing press in America was set up in this town ; the first book printed there was the " Bay Psalm Book," and the first newspaper, the *Boston News-Letter* was issued in 1704.

Another trouble of the colonists was the Indians, many of whom were far from friendly. Near Rhode Island and Connecticut lived two of the chief tribes, the Pequods and the Narragansetts; they were at enmity with each other, and, as the Pequods hated the whites, the Narragansetts took their part, and told them that the Pequods were plotting against them. The colonists, in alarm, got together as large a force as they could, consisting of eighty whites and three hundred friendly Indians, and these under the command of Captain Mason sailed down the Connecticut, intending to make a sudden attack on one of the chief Indian forts near Saythorpe. They reached the fort at daybreak, and silently surrounded it, while the enemy slept, when suddenly a dog barked, and in a moment every one in the fort was on the alert. A fierce fight followed, and the Indians, who were many more in number than the whites, were getting the upper hand, when Mason set fire to the fort. This turned the tide of battle. The flames quickly spread, and wigwam after wigwam was soon in ashes; seven hundred Indians perished in the flames, and the rest fled wildly,

hotly pursued by the whites, who overtook them at a swamp, and made them prisoners. After this great defeat the Indians were quiet for some years.

The quarrel between Charles I and his Parliament having now ended in open war, the New England colonies sided with the latter, several went to England to help the Parliamentarians, and, as a reward, when the Parliament triumphed, all their taxes were taken off. But this happy state of affairs only lasted a few years, and when Charles II ascended the throne, the colonists knew that they could expect no more favors; but they cared so little for him, that when two of the judges who had sentenced Charles I to death, fled to New England for refuge, they were allowed to remain there in hiding for the rest of their lives. To punish the colonists Charles II laid heavy taxes upon them, and would not allow them to trade with any country except England, which greatly reduced their profits; and he made them still more bitter against him by sending over four Commissioners to put the affairs of the colony in order. But as the colonists paid no attention to any-

thing the Commissioners said they had to return home, having done nothing but widen the breach between New England and the mother country.

Fifty years after the arrival of the "Pilgrim Fathers," as the founders of the colony were called, there were a hundred and fifty towns in Massachusetts, and a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Year by year they had cultivated more and more land, cutting down the forests and draining the swamps, till the Indians began to find their hunting grounds were being taken away from them, and their favorite haunts invaded, and the hatred of the whites, that had been slumbering in their hearts since their great defeat, began to burn hotly. There was now living in Rhode Island an Indian chief, whom the New Englanders called King Phillip; he was a very clever and brave man, with a proud, untamable spirit, and he determined to free his country. He visited all the chiefs far and near, and persuaded them to join him, telling them, that if they did not make a stand, in a few years the beautiful lands which had always belonged to their race, would no longer be theirs; the

forests would be cut down and the hunting grounds destroyed, and they would become the slaves of the hated whites; and before long he found himself at the head of four thousand men. The storm burst in June, 1675. The people of Swansea in Plymouth were returning quietly and happily home from church, when they were suddenly surrounded by the Indians, and many of them were killed. One man managed to escape, and rang the town alarm bell, and, as the colonists from all parts flocked in to help the inhabitants, the Indians fled, setting fire to the farmhouses as they went, and leaving on poles by the way-side the scalps of the whites they had killed. Phillip, expecting an attack, fled to a swamp in Pocasset; the colonists followed him thither, meaning to surround the swamp, and starve him out, but he guessed their design, and stole away under cover of night.

There now began a terrible time for the colonists. As the settlements were only clearings in the midst of forests and swamps, the Indians, lying in ambush among the trees, could watch them unseen, and fall upon them at unguarded moments. Never could the colonists feel secure,

and never could they tell from what quarter death would come. Men, women and children alike were killed ; they were shot dead as they opened their doors in the morning, and while they were working in the fields, and even on their way to church. Villages were attacked in the night ; the houses burnt to the ground, and the people killed or taken away captive. Day by day their number grew less and less, until it seemed as if soon there would be none of them left. At last they resolved to make a desperate effort, and gathering together every man able to bear arms, they set off to attack one of the chief Indian forts. A solemn fast with prayer and psalm was held by all the anxious ones left behind, to call down a blessing on the undertaking, and on the 18th of December the little band set out, wading through the deep snow that covered the land. Early next day they reached and surrounded the enemy's fort, which was on a small hill in the middle of a swamp, and defended by a thick fence of brushwood. Here the New Englanders fought the fiercest battle that had yet been known in the colony ; they felt it was their last chance, and they fought as

only desperate men can, for three hours, and at the end of that time they were victors ; indeed hardly an Indian was left. It was a heavy blow to the Indians, but Phillip remained unconquered, and though he had lost his wife and family and all his best men he would not give in. The colonists hunted him from swamp to swamp, till at last he met his death at the hands of one of his own men. When he was dead the Indians laid down their arms and begged for peace, which was gladly granted by the colonists, to whom it was most welcome, for the war had lasted three years and had cost them many hundreds of lives and many a town and village.

New England, however, was not long to enjoy this peace ; troubles of another kind were in store for her. Many of the laws that had been made for the colonists in the beginning by the English Parliament had been put on one side as unsuitable, and the King now determined to punish the colonists for this by taking away their charters. These charters, or rights, had been granted to each of the colonies when they were first settled, and were greatly valued by them.

In 1685 the King sent over Sir Edmund Andros as Governor, and told him to take away the charters of all the colonies except Plymouth; but the people of Connecticut hid their charter away in an oak tree, and the new Governor never found it. He was a harsh and tyrannical man, and made himself hated by every one; many were the unjust and hard laws he made, and many were the taxes he laid upon the people. This went on till news came to the colony that James II had been forced to leave the throne, and William III had taken his place, and on hearing this, the New Englanders rose up, and seized Sir Edmund and fifty of his friends, and sent them to England for trial.

There now being war between England and France, the French, who had settled in Canada, thought this would be a good opportunity to invade New England, and aided by the Indians, they attacked the settlement, burning the houses, murdering the people in their beds at midnight, and carrying them off into captivity. The suffering of the colonists was very great, and the only way of ending it, so it seemed to them, was to seize Canada. To do this they raised an army

which, commanded by General Winthrop, marched towards Montreal, while a fleet under Sir Henry Phipps was sent to storm Quebec. But both attempts were failures and the scheme was given up. This war was called "King William's War."

William III now turned his attention to the colonies, and granted a new charter to Massachusetts, allowing the people to elect their own Burgesses; and he appointed, as Governor, Sir William Phipps, who was well known and liked in the colony. Phipps came to Boston in 1692, and one of his first acts was to hold a court to try some unfortunate people who were accused of witchcraft. In the old days in England, people were sometimes supposed to be the servants of the Evil One, and were severely punished, but now in New England there was a regular scare. It began in a strange way. The two children of the minister at Salem had an illness which made them twist their bodies about as if in great pain, and the doctors, not knowing what was the matter, declared that the children were bewitched. An old Indian servant was accused, and frightened into saying she was guilty. The

story spread like wildfire, and soon other children said that they too were bewitched by some old women in the neighborhood ; who, they imagined, came into their rooms through the key-holes, and pinched and pricked them. The scare spread, people began to be afraid of going out in the dark, or down lonely roads, for fear of spirits, and even the Magistrates themselves believed that the Evil One was let loose in their midst. All sorts of harmless and innocent people were accused, and sent to prison. At the first sitting of Phipps' Court nineteen people were sentenced to be hanged, and a hundred and fifty were imprisoned ; and so it went on, getting worse and worse, till one day the Governor's wife was accused. This was a shock, and people stopped to think ; it seemed that not even the highest in the land were safe from suspicion ; they began to be ashamed of their fright, and to go more closely into matters. At the next trial, the fifty who were tried were found innocent, and the Governor ordered that all those who were still in prison should be set free ; and thus the scare ended.

A few years now went peacefully by, till war

broke out again between England and France, and as before, the French in Canada took it up. It was called "Queen Anne's War," as it happened in the reign of that Queen. The first outbreak was at the town of Deerfield, which was surprised in the night by a party of French and Indians. The townsfolk were peacefully sleeping, without a thought of danger, when the harsh war-whoop of the savages sounded through the night, and starting up, the people found their town on fire. Many were killed, and a hundred men, women and children were taken prisoners and compelled, half-clothed as they were, to start on foot through the snow for the long march to Canada. Among the prisoners was a clergyman named Mr. Williams, and his wife. On the second day of the march, Mrs. Williams's strength gave way; she sank fainting to the ground, unable to go any further. Her husband begged to be allowed to remain behind with her, but their captors had no mercy, and before her husband's very eyes they killed the poor woman, and, not even allowing him to bury her, they made him go forward with the rest, leaving her lying dead on the snow. The

line of march was marked by the bodies of those who met with the same fate, twenty-six in all. The few who lived to reach Canada were kept prisoners till they were ransomed by their friends, and it was not till two years after that Mr. Williams once more saw his home. Horrible, indeed, were many of the doings of the French and Indians in these wars. The French, eager for conquest and booty, let their savage allies do very much as they liked ; and the cruel, crafty Indians, who would never attack a fortified town, or a body of armed men, waged war on the unprepared and the helpless, burning and plundering their houses, and torturing and murdering women and children. The sound of their savage war-whoop was a terror in the land. At last the colonists, driven to desperation, collected all the men they could, and sent them to attack Port Royal, one of the chief French forts in Canada ; but they met with no success. In 1710 they sent out a second expedition, and this time took the fort, and in honor of Queen Anne, changed its name to Annapolis. Encouraged by this success, the New Englanders, with help from England, sent

out a third and much larger force against Canada ; part of which went by sea under Admiral Walker, and part by land under General Nicholson. When Walker's fleet was half-way up the River St. Lawrence a thick fog came on, and they could not see where they were going. At midnight a loud cry was heard, and several of the foremost ships struck on a rock, and were dashed to pieces. Cries for help resounded through the darkness, and when morning dawned men were picked up on all sides from the floating wrecks, but more than a thousand had already perished. The admiral, crushed by this terrible misfortune, gave up the expedition and went back to England. When the sad news reached the troops who had gone by land, they returned home without striking a blow. In 1713 England and France made a treaty at Utrecht, and for a time there was peace in the colony.

In 1744 a third war, called "King George's War," having broken out between England and France, several French privateers were sent out from Louisburg to capture the trading and fishing ships of the New Englanders. One of the

traders who lost several ships in this way, suggested the idea of taking Louisburg to the Governor, who laid it before the House of Burgesses; but most of them looked upon it as quite impossible. Louisburg was one of the strongest positions that the French held in Canada, and, shut in as it was by rocks and cliffs, they said it would be madness to attempt it. No one outside the House was allowed to hear a word about the suggestion, but it came out at last by one of the Burgesses asking God's blessing on it in his family prayers. The news instantly spread, and the people, eager to get possession of such an important place, got up a petition signed by a large number of merchants, begging the Governor to undertake it. At last it was decided that an attempt should be made, and an army of four thousand men secretly embarked on a small fleet. Several war-ships which were already cruising round Louisburg had captured a number of French vessels, and thus prevented news of the expedition from reaching the enemy, till the fleet itself appeared. The troops landed, and next day one of the regiments marched round the hills, and came within

a mile of the chief fort ; and as they set fire to every building they passed a thick smoke veiled them from the French, who, not being able to see how many there were, imagined that the whole army was coming against them, and throwing their powder into a well, deserted the fort, into which the New Englanders instantly trooped. This was a stroke of luck, but much had yet to be done. The New Englanders had to drag their cannon for two miles over a swamp within gunshot of the enemy ; for fourteen nights the troops with straps over their shoulders, and sinking to their knees in mud, were hard at work ; but at last it was done, and their cannon were placed all round the fort. Meantime the fleet in the harbor had captured a French ship loaded with provisions for the garrison, and other ships having joined them, a combined attack by land and sea was planned. But there was no fighting ; the French, frightened at the force they saw arrayed against them, surrendered without striking a blow, and the New Englanders took possession of the place. There was great rejoicing throughout the colony at this wonderful victory, particularly on the part of

the merchants, who could now trade in safety. Peace was concluded between France and England in 1748, and thus ended "King George's War."

CHAPTER III

ONCE more we must go right back to the days of King James I, to tell of the planting of New York and Delaware.

The first man to land in the part of North America we now call New York, was Martin Frobisher, an English merchant captain, who was searching for a northwest passage to the East Indies. But no one followed him, and years passed by before the country was again visited.

The next explorer was Henry Hudson, another English captain, who was sent by the Dutch on a voyage of discovery in 1609, and who sailed up the river which now bears his name. The Dutch followed him in 1613, and founded a city which they called New Amsterdam. There they lived, and increased in number for several years, quietly taking possession of a great deal of land on both sides of the Hudson, and calling the country the New Netherlands.

In 1627 the planting of Delaware was begun by some Swedes and Finns, who bought from the Indians the land on both sides of the river from the sea to the Falls, calling it New Sweden. It was a lovely bit of country, covered with green trees and grassy slopes, with the river winding through it, and wild deer feeding on the banks, and they would have lived there happily and peacefully had it not been for the Dutch, who claimed the country, and kept trying to take it from them. The Swedes built three forts to protect themselves, but the Dutch built one at Newcastle, right in New Sweden. The Swedes were not strong enough to turn them out, and their Governor determined to use treachery. He pretended that he wanted to make a friendly visit to the Dutch commander, and went to see him, taking thirty men. He was received very kindly, and feasted and made much of, but when the Dutch were off their guard, he seized the fort, and made prisoners of the garrison. This made the Dutch Governor of New York very angry, and hastily assembling his men, he fiercely attacked the Swedes, and took their colony away from them; and it

remained in the hands of the Dutch till 1664, when with New York, it passed into the hands of the English.

In 1624 the Danes made a settlement at New Jersey, but they met with the same fate as the Swedes, and their land was added to the New Netherlands.

The Dutch settlers, being much troubled by the Indians, asked the help of Colonel Underhill of New Hampshire, and he, with a party of men, won a great victory over the savages at the Battle of Horseneck, in which many were slain on both sides, and buried under a great mound on Strickland's plain.

The English were quite friendly with the Dutch up to the year 1664, when Charles II suddenly laid claim to the whole of the New Netherlands, and made a present of it to his brother, the Duke of York, who sent out some ships and men to take possession. The commander of the expedition called upon the Dutch Governor to surrender, promising that if he did so the people should be allowed to return to their own country, taking their property with them. The Governor unwillingly consented, and the English

entering New Amsterdam, changed its name to New York, in honor of the Duke. In 1673, England and Holland being at war, a few Dutch ships were sent out to reconquer the country; but on their arrival near the city the English Governor treacherously made terms with them, and the Dutch, sailing up the harbor, landed their men and took the town without a shot being fired on either side. The next year, however, peace was proclaimed, and the town given back to the English. The Duke appointed good Governors, and allowed the colonists to choose their own Burgesses, and make their own laws, and levy their own taxes, and the people were contented and happy. Meantime the Duke became James II, but he had not been King long, before the English, who hated him, took away his crown, and offered it to William of Orange. When news of this reached the colony, a captain, called Jacob Leisler, quietly took possession of the fort, and declared William of Orange King; he had few followers at first, but when he falsely reported that William's ships were sailing up the harbor, others joined him, and the Governor left the town in the night.

Leisler proclaimed himself Governor, but many of the colonists, though they acknowledged William as King, refused to obey Leisler, as he had no authority from England.

“King William’s War” had now broken out, and New York suffered in the same way as Massachusetts, from the cruelty of the French and Indians. Schenectady was one of the places attacked. The townsfolk were warned of the coming danger, but they laughed at the idea of it, and made no preparations, thinking it impossible that an army would march all the way from Canada in the snow ; but one night the French, and their allies the Indians, arrived at the town, and silently entering it crept along the streets, and surrounded the houses. The place was quite still, when suddenly from every quarter the terrible Indian war-whoop was heard ; the people sprang from their beds, and met the savages on the threshold of their homes ; in a few minutes every house was on fire, women were butchered, and children thrown into the flames, and the Indians, mad with the thirst for blood, rushed through the streets, murdering every one they could find ; a few got away and started,

half clothed as they were, for Albany, many miles off, but only one or two lived to tell the tale of that midnight walk through the snow. To avenge this, and many other cruel deeds, the people of New York determined to attack Canada ; they, like the people of Massachusetts, felt it was the only way to rid themselves of their enemies. With much difficulty a small army was collected, and sent to Lake Champlain ; but, owing to the carelessness of Leisler, there were no boats to take them across, and they were obliged to return home.

William, who was now firmly seated on the throne of England, appointed Sloughter Governor of New York, but Leisler did not want to give up the position he had taken, and sent two messengers to treat with the new Governor, who at once imprisoned them. This frightened Leisler, and he tried to escape, but he was caught and after a short trial was condemned to death, though Sloughter would not sign the warrant for his execution. Leisler's enemies, however, who were many, determined he should die. They made a great feast to which they invited the Governor, and when his senses were confused

with wine, they persuaded him to sign the warrant, and before he knew what he had done the prisoner was dead.

In 1697 the Earl of Bellamont was made Governor; he had special orders to clear the American seas of the pirates, who were now a terror to all honest traders. This was chiefly owing to the Spaniards, who considered themselves the masters of the New World, and tried to keep the whole trade of America in their own hands in any way they could. But the other nations who had colonized America grew angry, and private traders, both French and English, used to send out ships, called privateers, to capture any Spanish ships they could find, and after a time, finding it very profitable, they seized not only Spanish ships, but any others they came across, even those of their own nation. There were now hundreds of these privateers, and very bold and desperate were their captains; not a merchant felt safe, for many a crew had they murdered, and many a vessel had they robbed and sunk. The Earl prepared a ship to send against them, and gave the command of it to a man called Captain Kidd, who, however, when he

had got out to sea, thought he would like to be a pirate himself, and suggested it to his men who willingly agreed to follow him, and he soon became the most daring and desperate of all the pirates, attacking every vessel he met, and carrying off all the treasure he could find on board. At the end of three years he grew tired of the life, and, dismissing his crew, and burning his ship, he went to Boston, where he was at once recognized, and seized and taken to England to be hanged. After his death many adventurers went forth to try and discover the hiding-place of his treasure, which was supposed to be buried away in some secret island cave, but search as they would no one was fortunate enough to find it.

In 1710, three thousand Germans came over to America, and settled in New York and Pennsylvania ; they sent back to Germany such a good report of the country, that many followed their lead and made their home in the New World ; and to this day their descendants are among the most industrious, honest and respectable people in our land.

In 1719 the Governor of New York became

aware that the French were quietly making a chain of forts from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, in order to connect their settlements in Canada and Louisiana and to keep to themselves the Indian trade. He tried to defeat their plans by building a fort at Oswego on Lake Ontario, but the French, not to be outdone, built one at Niagara commanding the entrance, and another at Frontenac commanding the outlet to the Lake. In 1731 they built a fort at Crown Point, which was actually in the New York settlement, and from this fort they sent out little bands of savages to worry the English; and a great deal of harm the savages did, destroying Saratoga, turning the people out of Hosick, and even venturing close to Albany. Once more the colony assembled its forces and getting a promise of help from England, prepared an expedition against Canada, but meantime, peace being made between England and France, the matter ended for the time.

CHAPTER IV

AND now for the third and last time we must go back to the days of James I to tell about the planting of Maryland.

The Roman Catholics were much disliked in England in the reign of this King, and one of them, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, a native of Yorkshire, decided to leave the country and find peace in the New World. He had been Secretary of State, but was compelled to resign in 1624, when he became a Roman Catholic. He was one of the King's most trusted advisers, and had been shortly before raised to the peerage. His title came from the very ancient town of Baltimore on the southern coast of Ireland, a famous trading post in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for centuries before that—though now an insignificant hamlet. The native chieftain of Baltimore had joined the Spaniards when they invaded Ireland, landing at Kinsale, very near to Baltimore, in 1601, his

lands had been confiscated, and Baltimore had been colonized by English settlers, many of whom emigrated to Maryland with the Calverts. He went first to Virginia, and then to Chesapeake Bay, where he made up his mind that he would plant a colony, as a refuge for all those who were unhappy at home. He explored the country very carefully, and on returning to England, obtained a charter from Charles I, but he died before he had time to work out his scheme. His son Cecil, now Lord Baltimore, desirous of carrying out his dead father's wishes, in 1634, sent his brother, Leonard Calvert, with two hundred Catholics to Chesapeake Bay. They landed in the early spring of 1634 at the mouth of the river Potomac, and there they found a village lying amid fields and orchards, which had been planted by some of the more civilized Indians. This village they bought just as it was, and began life in the new country in the happiest way, with houses ready to live in, fields with the corn already coming up, and fruit-trees laden with blossoms. There were wild deer in the woods, fish in the bay and myriads of sea-fowl, wild ducks and geese; and so Maryland, as they named

it, (in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I) flourished, and the settlers had none of the trials and difficulties which the other colonists had met with. The early colonists to Maryland were mostly of ancient families ; what is known in England as "Gentry." It was a peaceful colony too ; there were no quarrels about religion as there were in Massachusetts ; every one was free to worship God in his own way. Of course they had some troubles. There was a man named Claybourne, a Puritan, who would not obey Calvert, and not being able to get any of the whites to join him, he went to the Indians and told them that the colonists hated them, and meant to root them out of the land, and he succeeded so well in his mischief-making that an Indian war broke out, and lasted several years, to the great distress of the colony. He was imprisoned, but escaped, and in the time of the civil war between Charles I and his Parliament, he did succeed in getting some of the colonists to rebel against Calvert, who was a Royalist, and compelled him to fly to Virginia ; and though the rebels were put down for the time, Claybourne triumphed again when the Parliament beheaded

King Charles. He then was made one of a number of Commissioners who were appointed to govern Maryland. These Commissioners were mostly Puritans, and they had no mercy on the Roman Catholics in the colony, but treated them so badly, that they rose in revolt, and a civil war followed which ended in the defeat of the Roman Catholic party. The first act of the victorious Puritans was to declare that no Roman Catholics were to be protected by the laws of the colony, and this led to much trouble in the colony, and not till 1660 when Charles II ascended the throne, and Calvert was once more made Governor, did the old peaceful times come back. In 1676 Lord Baltimore, the father of Maryland, died. For more than forty years he had done his best for the colony, arranging its affairs wisely and well and in its early records he is mentioned again and again with great respect and affection. His son Charles was a worthy successor to his father ; and all went well till 1689, when some idle, discontented people spread a report that the Roman Catholics were plotting with the Indians to destroy all the Protestants in the colony.

The Protestants unfortunately believed this, and arming themselves, they turned out the Governor, and seized the chief town. William, now King of England, thought this a good time to interfere, and, denying Lord Baltimore's right to the colony, took the government of it into his own hands, and not till 1716 was it given back to the real owner, in whose possession it remained until the Revolution. The beautiful and prosperous city of Baltimore was not founded till 1729. It is a splendid namesake to the tiny port on the Irish coast, which was nearly wiped out of existence on the night of June 20th, 1631, when two galleys manned with Algerine pirates sailed in, sacked the defenseless town, murdered most of the inhabitants and took others into a captivity worse than death. But a comparative few escaped, and some of these were among the early colonists who went to Maryland three or four years later.

It may interest some young readers to know that the name Baltimore, which sounds so American to-day, is said to come from the compound Irish words *Beale-antigmor*; *Beale*, or

Bally, town, *an-tig*, the house, *mor*, great; literally, Town-of-the-great-house. Long before the dawn of Christianity this spot was a sanctuary of the Druid priests, who worshiped the god Baal, of whom the Bible speaks so much. The remains of a Druidical altar or cromlech, circle, holy-well and all, may be seen there yet.

The place never recovered from the shock of the Algerian raid; its trade vanished. It was incorporated as a borough by King James I and sent two representatives to parliament, but after the extinction of the title of Lord Baltimore it lost its franchise—about 1800. Sold under the encumbered estates acts it became the property of an Englishman named Freke, ancestor of the present Lord Carbery—newcomers to that ancient name and title.

Now comes the story of Pennsylvania; it was begun in this way; there was in England a very good man named William Penn, whose father had been an admiral in the British navy, and had done a great deal for the King, without having any reward. William was a grave and good young man, and when he was little more

than a boy he joined the Quakers, attracted by their simple pious ways and their love of mankind ; they were quieter and humbler now than in the early days of Massachusetts, and even more sincere and anxious to do right. When he was still quite a young man, Penn was sent out to see after the affairs of New Jersey, and while he was there he found out that there was a large piece of land, where no one had settled, between New York and Maryland, and when he asked King Charles if he might have this land, it was given to him as a reward for his father's services, and called Pennsylvania. His idea was to plant a settlement for his Quaker friends, where they could live in freedom and peace, and with his help some of them went out and began a colony. They took with them a letter to the Indians in which Penn wrote "that the Great Lord had pleased to make him concerned in this part of the world, and that the King of the country where he lived had given him a great province therein, but that he did not desire to enjoy it without their consent ; that he was a man of peace and that the people whom he sent were of the same disposition, and if any differ-

ence should happen between them, it might be adjusted by an equal number of men chosen on both sides." The Duke of York, afterwards James II, soon after gave him a part of Delaware, and in August he set sail for his new possession with two thousand more Quakers. They landed in Delaware, and the very first thing Penn did was to make friends with the Indians and very soon won them over by his gentle and courteous manners. He went to visit some of the chiefs, and was careful to do exactly as they did, and to eat the food they set before him as if he liked it. To amuse him after he had feasted with them, they showed him how they could jump and leap, and Penn got up and jumped too and beat them all. He made a treaty with them then and there, and they allowed him to purchase from them all the land he wanted for his new colony, and for long years afterwards they were his faithful friends. He chose a good site and marked out the plan of a large city which he called Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and before the end of the year there were eighty houses in it. Penn arranged the government of the colony in a

just and liberal way, allowing every one perfect freedom of thought. "I desire," he said, "to show men as free and happy as they can be." His chief rules were "that to prevent lawsuits three peacemakers should be chosen by the county courts to hear and determine small differences between man and man; that children should be taught some useful trade to the end that none might be idle, that the poor might work to live, and the rich if they should become poor, that everything which excites people to rudeness, cruelty and irreligion, should be discouraged and severely punished; that no one acknowledging God and living peaceably in society should be molested for his opinion and his practice or compelled to frequent or maintain any ministry whatever." Reports of the happiness and prosperity of the new colony brought emigrants thither from all parts of the world, and four years after Penn had received the grant there were twenty settlements in Pennsylvania, and twenty thousand inhabitants in Philadelphia. In 1684 Penn returned to England, and when James II went into exile five years later he was one of the very few who

remained faithful to him. "He has been my friend and my father's friend," the great Quaker said, "and I feel bound in justice to be a friend to him." This of course made the new King William angry, and he took Pennsylvania away from Penn, and four times imprisoned him on various vague charges, but nothing could be found against him, so noble and pure was his life; and at last William seeing how much good he did, took him into favor and gave him back his rights. In 1699 Penn again visited Pennsylvania, but while he had been in England the people had become discontented and unsettled, and to please them he made out a new charter, "to throw all into their hands, that they might see the confidence he had in them, and his desire to give them all possible contentment." Having thus arranged affairs to the satisfaction of every one Penn returned to England, where he spent the remainder of his life, loved and respected by all. His colony continued to flourish, and grew more rapidly than any of the other colonies. For seventy years the Indians, true to their promise to Penn, lived at peace with the colonists, and until the

French war nothing occurred to spoil their happiness.

The first settlers in the Carolinas came from Virginia, and settled at Albemarle. The winters were mild, and the soil fertile, and with but little labor they lived in the enjoyment of abundance, with no Governor nor any laws but those of God and Nature. In 1663 a number of English courtiers of the highest rank, "excited," they said, "by a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Gospel," but in reality, I fear, by a desire to obtain a rich and valuable country, begged Charles II to give them the land between the Atlantic and the South Sea which they called Carolina. This he did on condition that the people were to be allowed to choose their own Burgesses, and that every one was to have perfect freedom of thought. The settlers at Albemarle were allowed to keep their lands and the new owners tried to attract other emigrants from New England ; a few came, but they did not care for it, and after a time most of them went back. However, their place was soon filled up by planters from Barbadoes, who called their part of the colony Clarendon ;

these planters brought with them a number of slaves, to work on the cotton and rice plantations, which soon made the chief wealth of the colony, and thus began the slave trade in the Carolinas. The owners meanwhile, anxious for the colony to be governed in the best way possible, asked John Locke, one of the greatest men of the time, to make out a plan of government, and he drew up a very careful one; but it was not at all suitable to life in the colonies, and caused so much discontent among the people that it had to be given up. In 1670 a settlement was planted at Port Royal; the town of Charleston was begun, and during the next few years emigrants poured in from England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Germany and France, and the colony grew so large that it was divided into two parts, North Carolina and South Carolina. All would have gone well had it not been for those great troublers of all the colonies, the Indians, who had been secretly plotting for some time, and one night, having sent their families away for safety to a distant fort, twelve hundred of them surprised two settlements which were at some distance from

the rest of the colony, and cruelly murdered many of the whites in their beds. A few escaped, and told the sad tale to the Governor, and he sent a band of a thousand men, who pursued the savages to the fort where their families were, and would have stormed it, but that they begged for mercy and laid down their arms. No sooner, however, had the whites returned home, than the Indians again began attacking, and burning, and plundering, and this time the colonists had no pity on them, but burnt their fort to the ground, and killed or made prisoners of all the garrison. The savages were crushed by this heavy loss, and they gave up all idea of trying to conquer the whites. Many of them went to join the other tribes in the north, who had united together, and were called the Six Nations, and those who stayed in the country made peace with the whites, and a peaceful prosperous time set in for the colony, which lasted until the Great Revolution.

And now we come to the story of the planting of Georgia ; in 1732 some good people in England, who wanted to help the poor and miserable, determined to plant a colony in the country

south of Carolina, where no settlement had yet been made. Their idea was to send over large numbers of poor people then held in jails throughout Great Britain because unable to pay their debts. The King readily consented to the plan, and gave them a charter for the colony, which was to be called Georgia; and other kind people hearing of it subscribed enough money to ship the emigrants across, and start them in their new home. The first emigrants went over under the care of the good and wise James Oglethorpe, who had been first in getting up the scheme, and they began the building of the town of Savannah. Next year other poor people came out, to each of whom a piece of land was given; but it very soon became clear that these emigrants lacked the energy that makes a colony prosper. They soon began to vie with the richer colonists of Virginia and Carolina, and wanted to own slaves as they did. The owners now offered fifty acres of land to any one who cared to come over and settle there, and who was neither poor nor distressed. This offer brought four hundred colonists from Germany, Scotland and England, in the year 1735. In 1740 there were a large number of emigrants in Georgia, but

in spite of all the money that had been spent on the colony, the owners were bitterly disappointed in their hope of making it a prosperous happy home for the poor ; and had it not been for the subscriptions of the kind people in England, they would have been obliged to give it up and to leave the colonists to their fate. One thing which was much against them was the war, which had now broken out between England and Spain, and in consequence of which Oglethorpe was taken away from the good work he was doing in the colony, and sent with a small army against Florida, where there were several Spanish settlements. He took two forts and besieged St. Augustine, but the Spaniards defended it so bravely, that he was obliged to give up the siege, and returned home. Two years went by, and then the Spaniards, with thirty vessels and three thousand soldiers, came to punish the colony for their attack on St. Augustine. Oglethorpe raised as large a force as he could, but it was not a quarter the size of the Spanish army ; and he stationed himself at Frederica on the Island of St. Simon, hoping to be able to hold out until help came from Carolina. At the end of June

the Spaniards came to anchor off St. Simon's Bay, and landing on the Island began to build forts. Oglethorpe knew he had hardly any chance, but he resolved to do his best, and hearing that they had divided their army into two parts, he thought he would take one by surprise; and one night with a small body of men he cautiously crept up to the Spanish camp. The enemy were sleeping, and everything was perfectly still, when suddenly a French soldier in Oglethorpe's party fired his musket, and joined the Spaniards. At once the whole camp was in an uproar, the opportunity was lost, and Oglethorpe returned to Frederica as quickly as he could, in despair at the thought that the deserter would tell the enemy how few men he had. All night he lay awake wondering what he could do, and at last an idea came into his head. He wrote a letter to the deserter, instructing him to tell the Spaniards how small the force was that opposed them, and to urge them to attack it at once, or if they would not do that, to get them to remain three days in the country, by which time, he said, help would have arrived from Carolina; and he ended up the letter with

a promise of reward. A captive was set free on condition that he would deliver this letter to the deserter, but, as Oglethorpe had hoped, he carried it instead direct to the Spanish Governor, who, after reading it, naturally supposed the deserter was a spy, and imprisoned him ; and three ships happening to appear off the coast, he imagined them to be the beginning of the expected help from Carolina, and decided to attack the Georgians at once before any more troops could arrive. Oglethorpe, finding out what he meant to do, placed a small party of men in ambush, who fired suddenly upon the Spaniards, as they came marching up, and threw them into confusion ; and they supposing that there was a large force behind, fled back to their forts, and made all haste to get away from the country. And thus the cleverness of Oglethorpe saved the colony from a great danger, and his praises were sung throughout the length and breadth of the land. But all these troubles greatly hindered the success of Georgia, and the owners, wearied of their fruitless efforts, gave it over to the King in 1754. The whole system of government was changed, when it became the

property of the Crown, and many improvements were made ; much trading in cotton, rice and indigo was done, and at last Georgia really began to prosper.

CHAPTER V

IN 1748 Great Britain possessed thirteen colonies in North America, viz., Virginia, Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

For some time past the English Government had been anxiously watching the movements of the French, who had settlements in Canada from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario. They had also built many military and trading stations from the frontiers of Canada to the city of New Orleans; and a good deal of land, to which they had no right at all, they tried to claim, by sinking plates of metal in the ground, and carving the lilies of France on the forest trees; and they were still carrying on the work which they had long ago begun, of connecting their northern and southern settlements by a chain of forts from Lake Ontario to the Ohio,

and from thence to the River Mississippi and New Orleans. As we said before, one English Governor tried to stop them, but in vain, and now some English merchants who had built a trading house on the banks of the Ohio were taken prisoners by the French, and carried off to Canada. The other traders indignantly complained to the Governor, and he determined to send a message to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio, telling him to take away his troops and leave the country. It was a difficult thing to find any one trustworthy and discreet enough to be the bearer of this message, but the right man was at hand, viz., George Washington, now twenty-one years of age, who was afterwards to become the greatest man our country has ever known. George Washington was born and bred in Virginia; he lost his father at an early age, and under the careful, loving rule of his mother, a woman of noble mind and character, he grew up until the time came for him to go to school. There he made great progress, particularly in arithmetic and geometry, and, what was rather a curious taste for a boy, he used to take great pleasure in

writing out long forms of business proceedings. At a very early age too, he drew up a set of maxims, which he faithfully followed all his life; the chief one of which was "Labor to keep alive in your heart the little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Even his young and thoughtless schoolfellows felt that his was a nature far above their own, and they loved and respected him, and always brought their quarrels to him to settle. Though so thoughtful and earnest, he was a strong healthy boy, and delighted in sports of every kind, particularly anything in the way of soldiering, and he loved to form his schoolfellows into bands and play at fighting. His first post on leaving school was as a land surveyor and agent to a wealthy English nobleman, who had been given a vast tract of wild and unexplored land in the colony, and he was only sixteen when he set out, compass and chain in hand, to map out an almost untrodden wilderness. For three years he carried out his difficult and dangerous duties with the utmost care and skill, and at nineteen he was given the even more difficult task of taking care of one of the districts which were most in danger

from the attacks of the French ; and thus it came about that the Governor, who had heard much of his high character and talents, confided to him the delicate and dangerous mission of carrying this message to the French. Five hundred miles of peril through an unknown wilderness was the journey there, and equally weary and perilous was the journey back, and all that the French officer would say was, that the message should be sent on to the Governor in Canada, and he would act as he thought best. This reply did not satisfy the English Governor, and, full of confidence in Washington, he sent him with a body of men to attack the French at Fort Duquesne in the spring of 1754. On the way thither Washington put to flight a party of French who were sent out to stop him, and as he drew near the Fort, a second party marched out to attack him, and though they were more than double his own force, Washington met them, undaunted, and cheered on his men, who fought with great bravery till the French, tired of the struggle, made a treaty with Washington, on condition that he went back to Virginia.

The English Governor now began to see that

he must use every effort to drive out the French, or he would lose the whole of the valley of the Mississippi. With help from England he collected a number of troops, and in the spring of 1755, General Braddock, who was appointed commander-in-chief, began to make preparations in Virginia to proceed with a large army against Fort Duquesne. He found, however, that it took a very long time to obtain all the horses, wagons and provisions he wanted, and growing impatient of the delay he set out with twelve hundred men, leaving the rest of the army to follow when everything was ready. Braddock had only just come out from England, where he had won a great name as a general, but he knew nothing whatever of the mode of warfare of the savages, or of their custom of hiding behind trees and rocks, and shooting unseen at the enemy. He had been warned, however, and on his march through the wilderness Washington, who was with him, repeatedly begged him to keep a careful lookout ; but Braddock only laughed scornfully, confident in his own judgment. As they drew near Fort Duquesne, Washington made one last attempt to convince him of the danger,

and offered to go on in front with a few men, and scour the country, to prevent any chance of an ambush, but his offer was declined, and the army moved forward as before. They were now within five miles of Fort Duquesne, and the way lay through a narrow valley with high rocks on either side. All seemed peaceful and quiet, and the troops were marching gaily on, when suddenly a wild yell burst from the rocky sides of the valley, and hundreds of shots poured forth on all sides. Taken by surprise, the front ranks were thrown into confusion; Braddock hurried up to help them, and order was restored, but it was only a brief lull; the attack was renewed with greater fury than before, and hidden behind the trees and rocks the Indians kept up a continuous fire; officers and men fell all around, but Braddock would not retreat; five horses were shot under him, and still he fought on desperately, until every officer except Colonel Washington was either killed or wounded, and then a stray shot hit him and he fell. When they found themselves without a leader the troops were filled with a panic, and fled in disorder, and but for Washington and his little band of

colonists, they would all have been shot down. The army in its wild flight met the remainder of the forces coming up behind, and terrified by the looks of their comrades, they too turned, and the whole force retreated as far as Philadelphia, leaving the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania undefended.

Two other expeditions went out against the French in the summer of 1755, one against Fort Niagara, and the other against Crown Point, but both were unsuccessful, and thus gloomily ended the campaign of 1755.

The colonists now determined on even greater efforts, and General Shirley whom they had placed at the head of the army, held a council of war in New York to make plans for the next year, but before he could arrange anything, orders arrived from England that Lord Loudon was to be the commander-in-chief in his place. The army he had collected was larger and better prepared for war than any ever before mustered in our country, but the change of commanders, and the various ceremonies to greet Lord Loudon on his arrival, caused a great deal of delay and before the English were ready to start, news

reached them that Oswego had surrendered to a large army of French and Indians under General Montcalm, and that many of the unfortunate garrison had been cruelly put to death by the savages. Lord Loudon, unmoved by this sad news, declared that it was too late to do anything this year, and the campaign of 1766, which had begun so well, came to a close without any honor to England or any good to the colonies. This was chiefly owing to the foolishness of the King's advisers, who, instead of placing the management of the war in the hands of officers who understood the country, and the Indian method of warfare, gave it to men who knew and cared nothing about the colonies and only wanted to make themselves important by a great deal of show and parade.

The next campaign was to open with the siege of Louisburg, and in the spring Loudon sailed from New York with a large army, but, on the way, hearing that there was a very strong garrison at Louisburg, and that the French were ready and even eager for an attack, he lost heart and gave up the expedition. While time was thus being wasted by the English the French

were very busy, and in March General Montcalm set out to besiege Fort William Henry on Lake George. Webb, an English general, who, with a force of a thousand men, was holding Fort Edward fifteen miles to the south, heard that Montcalm was coming, but he sent Colonel Munro to take the command at Fort William Henry without a word of warning, and when the next day a fleet of boats, filled with men, approached the fort, Munro was quite unprepared for an attack, but he was a brave man, and though his little garrison was surrounded by an army of more than three times its size, he held out for some days, hoping for help from General Webb, to whom he had at once sent an urgent message; but no help came, Webb sending word that he could do nothing, and that Munro must surrender on the best terms he could. This, after a defense of six days, Munro did, on condition that the garrison should be protected from the savages, whose horrible customs in war they knew only too well. Montcalm agreed, and the French entered the fort, but the next morning the savages slipped into the town, and began to plun-

der, and, no one stopping them, they murdered the sick and wounded ; and then, roused to fury by the blood they had shed, they fell upon the unarmed garrison and began to slay them, filling the air with their yells, with which the cries of the dying mingled. Munro rushed to Montcalm, and begged him to remember his promise, but the French general only shrugged his shoulders, the savages went on with their evil work unchecked, and any of the garrison who escaped death they carried away captive into the wilderness. The next day General Webb sent a scout to watch the movements of the enemy, and when he crept cautiously up to the fort he only found a heap of smoking ruins, and many hundreds of dead bodies lying on the ground. When the sad story reached England, and it became known that Lord Loudon and his generals had done nothing, the people began to understand how very badly affairs in the colony were being managed, and with great indignation they insisted, much against the weak King's wish, that his advisers should be changed, and William Pitt, a man of great talent, was placed at the head of the

government. He at once saw what was wanted, and making a clean sweep of all the officers commanding in the colonies, he replaced them with clever, trustworthy men. It was decided that Louisburg, Ticonderoga and Duquesne should be the first places attacked, and the colonies were called upon to give all the help in their power. The command of the expedition against Louisburg was placed in the hands of General Amherst, and with him went General Wolfe, a young man of the greatest promise. Wolfe had joined the English army at the age of fourteen, and his pluck and daring had attracted the eagle eye of Pitt, who at once saw his worth, and in spite of his youth, and the rules of the army, made him a brigadier-general, and sent him out to America to share the command with Lord Amherst. Though often ailing in body, Wolfe was the most daring and energetic man in the army, and it was his great gift to be able to triumph over difficulties which drove other men to despair. Amherst was a brave general too, and Louisburg soon fell into their hands.

General Abercrombie was chosen to go against

Ticonderoga, and he took with him Lord Howe, a brave young officer whom all the soldiers loved, and of whom great things were hoped. But as they drew near the fort, they were fired upon by the French, and Lord Howe was killed. When they saw him fall, his men, thirsting for revenge, dashed forward, and threw themselves furiously against the fort, firing at it without ceasing, and trying to take it by every means in their power. They even got ladders and tried to climb over the walls, heedless of the heavy fire which the French on their side poured down upon them. For four hours they struggled and fought with the greatest bravery and courage, and the noise of the battle could be heard many miles off like continual thunder. At length when two thousand of his men were killed or wounded, Abercrombie, despairing of success, drew off his troops. But restless under this defeat, and anxious to do something, he sent one of his regiments against Frontenac on Lake Ontario, a fort containing great stores of merchandise, food and firearms, and captured it. This was a great loss to the French, as they now had no merchandise with which to tempt the Indians to fight for

them, and they suffered, too, for want of food.

The third expedition against Fort Duquesne was placed in the hands of General Forbes, who started from Philadelphia at the beginning of July, and marched for many a long and weary mile over mountains and swamps. When he was within a few miles of the Fort he sent on some men to see what the enemy were doing, but unfortunately they were met by a party of French soldiers, who set upon them, and destroyed them all. Forbes, however, undaunted, went steadily on, and the French, suddenly frightened, left the fort without striking a blow, and fled to the settlement on the Mississippi; and so Fort Duquesne fell into the hands of the English, and its name was changed to Fort Pitt. In this year of 1758 the tide of victory had indeed turned; out of the three expeditions, two had been completely successful, while the leader of the third had made an important capture.

Pitt next decided to attack the three greatest strongholds of the French in Canada, Forts Niagara, Ticonderoga and Quebec. The two first were taken without much difficulty, and

there now remained what seemed an almost impossible feat, the taking of Quebec. This town was built half-way up a steep cliff, on the north-west side of the river St. Louis, and was one of the strongest positions in the world. It was defended by cannon, perched upon the high rocks which surrounded it on every side. Every attempt to take it had hitherto failed, and Montcalm, the brave and crafty, had stationed himself there. To any one but Pitt the attempt would have seemed pure madness, but he believed that the most dangerous and difficult enterprises are often the most successful. He fixed upon General Wolfe as the man for his purpose, and sent with him three other officers all young and brave like himself. They sailed from Halifax with eight thousand men, and landed on the Island of Orleans, a few miles from Quebec, to consider the difficulties which had to be overcome. Wolfe saw that these were very great, but his determination to succeed only rose the higher. He began by firing upon the town but he could not place his cannon near enough to have much effect ; then he tried to set fire to the ships and stores of the French,

but without success, Montcalm being very watchful and wary. As time went by, and victory seemed no nearer, Wolfe became very unhappy. At last he moved higher up the river, and there he found that the fortifications were not quite so strong, and that if he could scale the heights behind them, he could soon overcome the very small guard by whom they were defended. The difficulty was to scale the precipice, and besides seeming almost impossible, this was a very dangerous thing to do; the current of the river was very rapid just there, and the shore sloping, and the landing-stage so narrow that it might easily be missed in the dark, when the attempt would have to be made in order to hide their movements from the enemy. But Wolfe resolved to risk it, and in the stillness of the night the army rowed with muffled oars across the river to the landing-stage, and an hour before daybreak they began to climb the rocks. Wolfe himself led them, and one by one they clambered up, catching hold of roots, bushes and bits of rock, till the whole army stood safe at the top on the Heights of Abraham. When Montcalm was told what

they had done he could hardly believe it, but he soon found it to be only too true, and then he knew that he must fight. He made ready and charged at the head of his troops upon the English, who received him with a fierce fire. A long struggle followed, and General Wolfe received two painful wounds, but he hid them from his soldiers, and pressed on gallantly into the thickest of the fight, until at last he received a third and deadly wound, and had to be carried into the rear of the army, where in spite of his fast failing strength, he watched the fight most eagerly. Montcalm, too, received a mortal wound, and when he fell the left wing of the French gave way; part of them were driven back into the town, and part into the river. Suddenly rose the cry of "They fly, they fly." "Who fly?" said Wolfe, raising himself with a last effort. "The French," was the answer. "Then I die content," he said, and fell back dead. Five days after the city surrendered to the English, and the French retreated to Montreal, against which the whole British force in America was sent; it proved too strong to be resisted, and in 1760 Montreal was theirs, and

one by one the French posts fell into their hands, till in 1763 the war ended, peace was made at Paris, and France gave to England the whole of her possessions in Canada.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN the rejoicings over this great and brilliant conquest of Canada had somewhat calmed down, England found herself very much in debt ; she had added honor and glory to her name, and land to her Empire, but the war had cost her a huge sum, and, seeking for some means by which it could be repaid, the ministers of Great Britain decided to do a thing which had never been done before, viz., to tax the colonies. They forgot the heavy losses the colonists themselves had suffered, how their lands had been laid waste, their property destroyed, their houses burned down, and many of their best men killed. The interests of Great Britain had always been their only care, and to enrich her they had insisted that the colonies should only trade with England, thus taking away much of their profits, and though the colonists had borne this and many other hard laws with patience, it had made them feel hurt and angry with the mother country ; and now

when it became known that Parliament had decided to tax them, their indignation knew no bounds, and they determined they would not endure it. They sent letters to England, which respectfully but decidedly denied the right of Great Britain to collect taxes in the colonies, supporting their denial with clear and powerful reasons. It was at this stage of the excitement that Benjamin Franklin, one of the greatest of our great men, sailed to London to try and arrange affairs.

Franklin had begun life as a journeyman printer, in Boston, his native town, where he and his brother carried about and sold a newspaper, which they wrote and printed themselves. One day an article appeared in it which offended one of the Elders of the colony, and he insisted on the paper being given up. With only a few dollars in his pocket Benjamin left his brother and sought a new field for his labors in Philadelphia, where he gradually worked his way up by industry and thrift, until he became one of the richest and most respected men in the colonies, and in 1753 was raised to the high position of Postmaster-Gen-

eral. Everything he did was practical and useful and carried out by rule and measure. His fame as a man of science and an electrician had spread all over America and Europe, and raised his country in the eyes of other nations. He did a great deal of good for the city of Philadelphia, founding a library and many other things, and his "Poor Richard's Almanac" helped to make his countrymen love learning. No matter what was on hand every one asked first, "Have you consulted Franklin on the subject, and what does he think of it?" No one could have been better fitted to uphold the rights of the colonies before the Parliament of England. He was warmly received and his advice asked about the bill which the ministers proposed to pass for the taxing of the colonies. It was called the Stamp Act, and set forth that no agreements could be made unless they were written on paper bought from the Government at a very high price. Franklin, of course, opposed the bill with all his might, declaring it would be most unwise to levy such a tax and that our people would never allow it. However, in spite of all he could say the matter was laid before Parliament, and a

brilliant speech was delivered to support it, but no sooner had the speaker sat down, than up jumped Colonel Barré, a great friend of the colonists, who poured forth such a flood of eloquence in abuse of the bill, that, for the moment the whole House was taken aback, but they soon recovered and the bill was passed. Franklin, writing the next night to a friend at home said, "The sun of liberty is set, you must light up the candles of industry and economy." "Be assured," was the reply, "that we shall light up torches of quite another sort." When the bad news reached the colonies great sorrow and dismay was felt, as the colonists saw that they must either give up their rights without a struggle, or resist the government of the country to which they had always been loyal. Patrick Henry, a young and clever Burgess of Virginia sent pamphlets all over the country, asserting the rights of the colonists, and denying the right of Parliament to tax America, and his words awoke response in Boston and other towns. William Pitt, whose ill health had prevented him from being present at the passing of the Stamp Act, had now come back into power, and

in his very first speech he said decidedly that England had no right to tax the colonies, and that he rejoiced America had resisted. He pointed out too that the profit of Great Britain from her trade with the colonies was two million pounds a year, and this was the price the colonists paid her for protection ; in fact he so strongly opposed the Stamp Act that, to the great joy of the colonies, it was set aside. But this joy was short-lived ; once more ill health compelled Pitt to retire, and then the enemies of the colonists had it all their own way, and a new tax was levied by Parliament on glass, tea, and several other things. Fresh resistance was the result, particularly at Boston, and to awe the citizens General Gage, the commander-in-chief brought two regiments into the town and quartered them in the State House. It made our free-spirited people very angry to see the soldiers parading the streets, and guards mounted at every turn, and there were daily outbreaks of discontent. Even the very children caught the general feeling. The boys of Boston in the winter used to build snow houses on the common and slide down them in their sleds. But the English

troops destroyed these hills in idle unkindness, and though the children built them up again and again, they were always pulled down. At last the children could bear it no longer, and a band of the biggest boys went to General Gage and complained. Gage asked who had sent them, and they replied proudly that no one had; they had come of their own free will, as they would not bear such treatment any longer. The general could not help admiring the proud free spirit of the children, and he warned his soldiers that any one offending in the same way again would be severely punished.

One day there was a quarrel between the soldiers and some rope-makers, with whom the former had interfered, and it ended in a fight. Others joined in and soon a large crowd gathered, armed with clubs, and the soldiers finding themselves getting the worst of it, drew their pistols and fired upon the mob, killing four men and wounding others. Confusion and uproar followed, and the Governor, who had been summoned, had much ado to persuade the angry people to return to their homes. He reproached Preston, the officer in charge, for firing at the

people, and sent him to prison for trial. The next day the citizens held a meeting, and declared that unless the troops were immediately sent away from the town the riots would continue, so the Governor unwillingly gave orders for their removal. Three days afterwards the funeral of the men who had been killed took place. It was conducted with great pomp and ceremony. All the shops were shut, and the bells tolled, and four processions from different parts of the town met at the spot where the "Boston massacre," as they called it, had taken place, and proceeded to the burial-ground, followed by a huge crowd on foot and in carriages.

The trial of Captain Preston came on and lasted six weeks. His cause was defended by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, two clever lawyers, and it was much to their credit and that of the jury, that although all their sympathy was with the people, they found Preston innocent, as he had not told his soldiers to fire. About a dozen years ago Boston set up a monument on the common to the memory of the men massacred that day, which would seem to show that feeling for them is long lived.

While Franklin was in England certain letters from the Governor of Massachusetts to the English ministers, urging them to be very harsh to our people, fell into his hands, and he sent them over to America. They were read before the Massachusetts House of Burgesses, arousing great indignation, and a letter was at once sent to England, begging for the removal of the Governor. When it became known in London that the letters had been read, and Franklin stated that he was the cause, a storm of anger broke on his head and he was dismissed from his office of Postmaster-General. This insult to one of their greatest men, while he was acting simply in their interest made our people still more bitter against England.

In March, 1770, the English Parliament, hoping to avert the outbreak it saw pending, set aside the tax on all goods except tea, but our people felt the injustice of their being taxed at all, and refused to allow any tea to be brought into the country. In the meantime Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams were sending addresses and pamphlets all over the country, entreating every one to join in the cause of Liberty. The

English tea merchants were not content to lose all their trade in America, and resolved to send over the tea as usual, hoping to be able to sell it. But the people were determined that no taxed tea should be landed there; they were fighting for a principle.

The people having shown their determination not to buy taxed tea, the king and his advisers tried to trick them into doing so. Tea sent to America by the East India Company had always paid duty at some British port on the way. This duty was now taken off, which enabled the company to sell tea cheaper than it had ever been sold before. It was thus hoped that the people would be induced to buy and the principle of taxation be sustained. The several ships laden with tea arrived. If they were not unloaded within twenty days the custom-house officers were empowered to seize and unload them; nor could the laden ships go out to sea again without a pass from the governor. Thus a guard of the people watched the vessels to see that the tea was not landed, and meetings were daily held. On the 16th day of December, 1773, nineteen days had expired since the arrival of

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the tea. Seven thousand people were assembled around the Old South meeting-house, some praying within, others exhorting without, when the owner of the ships returned from a visit to the governor, who still refused the pass to let the loaded vessels leave the port. Next day the tea might be landed by force. That night a party disguised as Indians went through the streets and down to the wharf, clambered over the sides of the vessels, broke open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and emptied their contents into the water. This was not done by a rowdy element, but by some of the most respectable citizens of Boston, and is believed to have been planned by Samuel Adams. This "Boston Tea Party," as it has been called, enraged the English ministers, and to punish the Bostonians, they passed an Act, called the Boston Port Bill, forbidding any goods to be landed in Boston, until the tea was paid for. Letters of sympathy poured into Boston from all the colonies, praising the citizens for their determined stand, and encouraging them to persevere. The people of Marblehead and Salem offered the Boston merchants their harbors, wharves and

warehouses free of cost, and large sums of money were collected for them, but for which, the many who were thrown out of employment, would have suffered severely. In all the churches prayers were offered up for help to guard the nation's liberty and her rights.

On the fifth of September a meeting was held at Philadelphia, which was attended by representatives from every colony except Georgia, and it was resolved that all trade with Great Britain should be stopped until America's rights were recognized. A pamphlet setting forth this resolution, and, at the same time, expressing the strongest affection for the mother country, and loyalty to the King, and stating that all America asked for was peace, liberty and safety, was sent out all over the world, and met with sympathy everywhere, especially from Pitt, and our people, as they read it, gloried in the perfect justice of their cause, and prepared themselves to stand by it to the death, if need were.

Pitt saw that something must be done at once, or war there would be between the mother country and her colonies, and with the help of Franklin he drew up a Bill, to set aside the tax

on tea, to recall the troops to England, to promise that the charters of the colonies should not be broken. But the ministers in power would not hear of it, nor would they give in on any point. "America's proud spirit," they said, "must be broken," thinking it an easy thing to do.

The colonies were now in a bustle of preparation; old and young, rich and poor alike, got arms as best they could, and spent all their time in drilling and exercising, so as to be ready to fight for their country when the time came; even the women and girls set about casting balls and making cartridges; and before long each town and village had in readiness a military force called "Minute Men," who, at a minute's notice, night or day, would answer their country's call.

Neither were the British idle; ten thousand men arrived from England, and General Gage, the new British Governor of Massachusetts, encamped several regiments on the common in Boston, and built fortifications on the narrow strip of land, called the Neck, which joined the town to the mainland; and on the evening of

the eighteenth of April he made the first move by sending eight hundred men to destroy a quantity of provisions and military stores belonging to our people at Concord. News of this was carried to the adjacent country by Boston patriots, who rode in every direction, awakening the farmers. Foremost among these was the brave Paul Revere, whose "Midnight Ride" has been immortalized in song and story. Soon the ringing of bells and the firing of guns summoned the Minute Men of Lexington, a small town between Boston and Concord, who formed themselves in a square on the grass near the meeting-house about two o'clock in the morning, when the British troops came marching up the road. The officer in command called upon the Minute Men to lay down their arms; and as they did not obey, a volley was fired, killing eight of them; the others fell back, and the British marched on to Concord. But there they were met by the Minute Men of that town, who after some hard fighting compelled them to retreat, leaving behind them several dead and wounded. The Minute Men all over the country were now in arms, and, hiding behind

trees and walls fired upon the British all the way back to Boston. Being good marksmen they did a great deal of damage, and the troops arrived at headquarters weary and disheartened, and much reduced in number. This first battle, the battle of Lexington, caused great excitement, and the hearts of all beat high with devotion to their country ; the farmer left his plough, and the mechanic his tools, and, seizing any arms they could find, they hastened to the camp, and in a few days a large army was assembled, which, under the command of General Ward and General Putnam, surrounded the town of Boston.

Volunteers, too, were busy in other parts of the country. Colonel Ethan Allen with his Green Mountain Boys, a band of young men from Vermont, joined Captain Benedict Arnold, who headed sixty men from Connecticut, and together they hastened to surprise Ticonderoga ; they crossed the lake, and at dawn of day landed near the fortress, and called on the garrison to surrender. "In whose name do you come ?" asked the commander. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the United Colonies,"

was Allen's answer, and, as there were only fifty men with him in the fort, the commander was obliged to yield, and Arnold seized the valuable stores. At Crown Point they were also successful, and thus without bloodshed two most important forts, a hundred pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of provisions fell into the hands of our people, and these brilliant successes raised high the hopes of all.

During the months of April and May, the troops surrounding Boston prevented the British from leaving the town ; but, when at the beginning of June Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, with a large number of men arrived from England, Gage determined to cut his way through, and get out into the open country. Our people, being warned of his design, sent General Prescott with a small force one night to occupy Bunker's Hill, but misled by the darkness they took up a position on Breed's Hill, which is nearer Boston. They arrived about midnight, and at once began to dig entrenchments, and, by working with all their might, at dawn had nearly finished. As soon as the British troops caught sight of what they were

doing they began firing, but Prescott's force coolly went on with their work until it was completed. General Gage, finding that his firing had no effect, resolved to drive them away, and about noon a large party of the British under General Howe landed at the extreme point of the Neck. All the country round was on the alert, and the roofs of the houses, and all the heights in the neighborhood, were covered with people watching with anxiety to see what was going to happen. The British marched slowly up the hill, and as they drew near the entrenchments they were greeted with a fierce fire, which forced them to retreat, but they soon rallied, and, encouraged by their officers, again ascended the hill. Once more a tremendous volley scattered them, and this time they fled in wild disorder, leaving Howe almost alone on the hillside. Their flight was checked by Clinton, who had hurried up from Boston, and led by him, for the third time they advanced, being compelled forward by their officers, who marched behind them with drawn swords. But no deadly fire met them now; all the powder and shot had been used up, and the British en-

tered the entrenchments untouched. Our people defended themselves for a while with the butt-end of their muskets, but soon gave up the struggle, and retreated over Charlestown Neck ; the enemy being too much injured to think of pursuit. In this battle of Bunker's Hill, as it was called, the British lost more than double as many men as our people, who were greatly cheered by the steadiness and bravery which their undisciplined forces had displayed. In this fight fell the brave General Warren.

Shortly after this battle a meeting of representatives from the thirteen colonies was held at Philadelphia, and by the wish of every one present, George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief, with Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler and Israel Putnam as his generals. He at once set out for the camp at Cambridge, where he found an army of fourteen thousand men, all of whom were ardently devoted to the cause of liberty, but who knew nothing whatever of the duties of soldiers, and had no powder nor tents, nor any of the many things necessary to an army. They had left their farms, and houses, and shops, without any

one to look after them, to fly to the aid of their country, and to rally round the new American flag, their pride and glory, with its thirteen red and white stripes, and its thirteen stars on a blue ground in the corner, representing the thirteen States, the "Old Thirteen," as they were often called. It was after the battle of Bunker's Hill that the Stars and Stripes had been hoisted for the first time, hastily made out of a white shirt, a red petticoat, and a blue jacket. Washington set to work to get his army into order, and to teach the men the art of war; and the capture of a British ship, laden with stores, provided them with many of the things they wanted.

The governors of Virginia, New York, South Carolina and North Virginia had already left their palaces and taken refuge in British ships.

In October, the port of Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, was burnt to ashes by the British, although the citizens tried to make terms. There were really only a few old men and women and children in the town, for the able men had gone to join their brethren in Boston. This, and many similar acts, fanned the flame

of American resentment against England. The firing of Falmouth by Captain Mowatt was one of the meanest acts of the war : only a few months before his ship had put in at that port and he had been royally entertained by its people.

In the early spring of 1776 an attack on Boston was planned ; a cannonade in one part of the town drew off the attention of the garrison, while General Thomas quietly took possession of Dorchester Heights, and before morning dawned, with the most wonderful industry, he had built a line of fortifications which commanded the harbor and the town. These works, which seemed to have been raised by magic, caused Howe, the new commander-in-chief of the British, to wonder and admire. He saw that unless he could capture them the town would be lost, and the next day with a large force he embarked in boats for the attack ; but a furious storm came on and drove them back, and the opportunity thus lost, he had no choice but to leave Boston, and this he did with all his troops on the 17th of March. Great and general were the rejoicings when the glad news of the taking of Boston

spread through the land, and the desire of the nation for freedom grew stronger.

While these events were happening at Boston, General Montgomery, a young officer of brilliant talents, set out for Canada, and after taking St. Johns, which commanded the entrance to the country, he went on to Montreal. The governor of that town, hearing of his approach, grew frightened, and fled away in the night down the river, in a boat with muffled oars. The next day Montgomery entered the city, and though the citizens had made no terms, he treated them with every kindness, and declared that their property, religion and rights should be respected. This gentle, courteous treatment won over many of the Canadians, and it was with a much larger army that he began to march towards Quebec, where more troops were to join him. These troops were coming from Boston under the command of Benedict Arnold, and the way they had to come was long and very difficult. On the 23d of September they reached the mouth of the Kennebec, and, taking to boats, rowed up the river, pulling hard against the rapid current, and every now and

then landing to drag the boats, and all their baggage, round one of the many rapids. After leaving the river the way lay over deep swamps and rocky unexplored mountains, and wearily they toiled on. Many fell ill and died, and after a time provisions became scarce, and they had to eat dogs and even their leather cartridge boxes and shoes ; and at last, when they were still thirty miles from any human habitation, they found themselves without a morsel of food of any kind. But Arnold still kept up a brave heart, and, taking with him the strongest of those who were left, he went steadily forward, until he arrived at a French settlement, where he was most kindly received, and supplied with food ; but he hardly waited to satisfy his own hunger, so anxious was he to get back with provisions to those whom he had left, almost perishing, thirty miles behind. The food revived the weary men and gave them strength to struggle on to the settlement, and there they rested and refreshed themselves for awhile. Three days' march brought them to Quebec, before which they suddenly appeared, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, who had never dreamed of any

one being bold enough to cross the desolate wilderness, and if only Arnold had been able to cross the St. Lawrence at once the city would have fallen into his hands; but unfortunately there were no boats to be had, and he had to wait until the night of the thirteenth of December, when he landed, as Wolfe had done before him, and ascended the Heights of Abraham, hoping to take the city by surprise; but, finding every one on the alert, and the place barricaded and fortified, he retired to wait for Montgomery. That young commander soon arrived, bringing food and clothes, which were badly needed by Arnold's brave little band. The whole force only numbered eleven hundred, but Montgomery went unhesitatingly forward with a flag in his hand, and summoned the town to surrender; the only reply was a volley of musketry. To take the town with so small a force seemed impossible, but both Montgomery and Arnold were resolved to attempt it. They began by raising a mound of snow and water, which soon became ice, and, placing their six cannon on it, for days tried to batter the walls. All the time the snow fell unceasingly, the cold was terrible, and the

sufferings of the troops intense, particularly as smallpox broke out among them; but in spite of all these trials their devotion to their leader and their cause remained unshaken. Montgomery, at length, determined to make a desperate effort to storm the city, and on the last day of December, while a violent storm was raging, he divided his men into four bands, two of which were to make pretended attacks, and divert attention from the movements of the other two, which were led by Montgomery and Arnold. Montgomery, with his party, advanced along the river to attack the lower town, and came to a barrier of stocks, two of which he sawed off with his own hands, and through the opening thus made they were proceeding, when suddenly a bullet, fired by an unseen hand, came flying through the air, and Montgomery fell shot to the heart.

Arnold, with his men, had also entered the town, but he too received a severe wound, and had to be carried off to a place of safety. The command now fell to a young officer named Morgan, who boldly approached the enemy and drove them from their guns; but he and his

men were only a little party in the middle of a strange town, with enemies on every side, and though they fought desperately, there was no chance for them, and they had to yield ; the few who managed to escape retreating to Montreal.

All America mourned for Montgomery ; every one loved him, and even his enemies admired and respected him.

Arnold, who had sadly retreated with the troops to Montreal, was joined there by General Thomas ; but even with his help, it would have been madness to await the coming of the enemy, and with slow and unwilling steps the patriots left Canada. The expedition had been a bold and daring one, and it had shown what rare courage and devotion our people possessed ; its failure was a great disappointment to the country, but if it had been successful it might have injured the cause, as soldiers would have been required to defend the country thus conquered, while more important colonies were perhaps left unprotected.

In the early summer of 1776, a large number of British troops under Sir Henry Clinton came out

to America, and at once began to attack Charleston, in South Carolina. Fortunately the city had been warned early in the spring, and was fully prepared for a siege. A strong fort, named Fort Moultrie, had been built on an island at the entrance to the harbor ; the streets were strongly barricaded, and lines of defense were built along the edge of the water. General Lee was in command. He was a man of great courage and cleverness, who had fought all over the world. On the 28th of June nine ships of war, bristling with guns, opened fire upon Fort Moultrie, while a body of troops were ordered to cross over from the mainland and come up at the rear of the fort, but they found the sea too deep to wade through, and the battle went on without them ; the firing from the ships was answered fiercely from the fort ; a fever of patriotism burnt in the veins of our people ; soldiers wounded to death urged on their countrymen in the cause of Liberty, and so death-dealing was the fire of the cannons, that more than once Clinton was the only man on the deck of his ship who was unhurt. From dawn till dark the battle raged, and as night

came on the British ships, grievously disabled, moved quietly off and set sail for New York, where the whole British force was now assembled. The praises and thanks of the whole American nation were showered upon the brave garrison of Charleston for their heroic resistance.

William Penn, the peace-lover, now grown very old, made one last effort for peace, but his petition to Parliament received no reply; and meanwhile an Englishman, named Thomas Paine, who had come out to live in Virginia, and had warmly embraced the cause of Independence, wrote a pamphlet called "Common Sense," which plainly set forth how impossible it would be to give in to the Government of England, and that independence was the only safe and honorable course. His arguments were so convincing, that those who had wavered, became firm patriots, and the resolution to die rather than give up their liberty, made every American strong. On the 7th of June Lee brought forward the motion "That the United States are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and that their association with Great Britain is, and ought to be,

dissolved ; ” and a committee of five was appointed, viz.: Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, Benjamin Franklin, Adams, Sherman and Livingston, to draw up a Declaration of Independence, which was written out by Jefferson. This Declaration claimed liberty for all men, and declared that if any nation was under a government which was felt by all to be hurtful, they could set it aside and choose another ; it gave a list of the various injuries that America had suffered at the hands of the Kings of Great Britain, by reason of which it claimed that the American nation was freed from all obedience to the British crown, and had full power to levy war, make peace, establish commerce, and to do any other thing which independent States may of right do, and it ended up with the words, “ And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.” It was signed by the representatives of the Thirteen States, and was published on the Fourth of July. The day was celebrated by rejoicings and festivities in every city, town and village in the United Col-

onies, and ever since has been kept as a public holiday, and set apart for thanksgiving and rejoicing.

It was supposed that New York would be the next point of attack, and every effort was made to strengthen and fortify it. In the beginning of July, General Howe arrived in America with a large force of men and ships. Putnam was ready for him at Brooklyn, and on the 22d of August, the British troops landed on the opposite shore of Long Island, the two armies being only four miles apart, and separated by hills over which there were three main roads. Putnam expected that the enemy would come by the road to his right, and true enough, on the morning of the 26th a body of troops was seen moving along it, and another body along the centre road, and he went out to meet them, not noticing that a third and much larger party was coming along the road to the left ; and it was with great surprise and dismay that he found, while engaged in a fierce conflict on the centre road, that a body of troops had come up behind him and cut him off from Brooklyn. The patriots fought desperately, and, after losing

over a thousand men, succeeded in cutting their way through the British, and getting back to Brooklyn. But even there they were no longer safe, and General Washington, when the bad news reached him, sent over boats, and under cover of a thick fog, conveyed the remainder of the troops back to New York, unseen by the enemy. Washington now began to fear that he might be shut up in the city, and as that would probably end in the loss of all his men, he left New York, and took up a position on the heights of Harlem, and next day the enemy entered the city, and burnt over a thousand of the houses. In October Washington left Harlem with half the army, the other half under Lee remaining behind, and after a skirmish with General Howe retired to Pennsylvania. The defeat at Brooklyn seemed to take all the spirit out of Washington's army; day by day numbers left him and returned to their homes. He called on the militia of New Jersey and Pennsylvania for help, but they did not answer to his call; their courage seemed to fail them, and the career of the army to be nearly at an end. To make matters worse, Howe promised

to pardon all those who would submit to England, but very few accepted his offer. Again and again Washington sent orders to Lee to join him, but Lee hesitated and delayed. He was jealous of Washington and hated him, and when at last he did set out, he was surprised on the way by the British, and taken prisoner. All his bravery deserted him when he found himself in the hands of the enemy, and he tried to betray his country, but luckily his wicked plans did not succeed. He was soon set free by the influence of Washington, who did not know how base he really was and he resumed his place in the army.

The British thought that America was now almost subdued, and fully believed that one more effort would place in their power the remaining handful of men. But Washington was not conquered yet. His country loved and believed in him, in spite of his ill-success. They gave him power to raise an army, and left him free to carry on the war exactly as he thought best, and he determined that complete victory should yet be his. The capture of Charles Lee was really the best thing that could have happened

at the time, for it placed the command he had held in the hands of General Sullivan, one of the bravest officers of the Revolution. It was Sullivan who afterwards with his small force opened up the interior of New York State, breaking the power of the Indians of the Six Nations, which materially hastened the final victory of American Arms.

On Christmas Eve, when the snow lay thick on the ground, Washington took a few men, and, aided by Sullivan, crossed the Delaware at Trenton, where some of the British were stationed ; and, taking them quite by surprise, captured nine hundred of them, only losing nine of his own men in the attempt. This aroused the British, and they hastened to attack the patriots' camp, but Washington did not want to risk a battle yet, and quietly leaving with his men in the night, he marched towards Princeton, putting to flight two British regiments, whom he met on the way, and taking three hundred prisoners. On reaching Princeton he found it empty ; the British regiment, who were guarding it, having fled when they heard of his coming. These successes

once more raised the hopes of our people, numbers went back to the camp, and all eyes were fixed on Washington as the saviour of his country.

America now decided to ask aid from France, and sent Benjamin Franklin to Paris to try and get a loan of money, a supply of firearms, and powder, and shot, and an acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States. He was received in the most flattering way, and was soon high in favor with the great nobles and ladies of the Court, and America's struggle for independence became the talk of Paris. The French government, however, would do nothing openly for fear of England, neither would they lend any money; but they allowed arms to be secretly conveyed to America; and, so popular did the cause become, that many French officers begged to be allowed to join the American army; chief and most eager of whom was the gallant young Marquis de la Fayette; and when our people frankly told him that they had not even money enough to take him across the ocean, he was so anxious to go, that he hired a ship for himself and his friends, and ar-

rived in America in the spring of 1777. He was gladly welcomed and appointed Major-General in the army, and much good service he afterwards did.

At the end of July, General Howe set sail with a large fleet for Chesapeake Bay, evidently meaning to attack Philadelphia; the patriot army at once began to march towards him, and Washington, being strongly urged by the people, who longed for a decisive battle, met the British at Brandywine Creek, but though his men fought with the utmost bravery, they were worsted in the struggle, and retreated to Reading, thus leaving Howe free to enter Philadelphia in triumph.

The British next determined to try and obtain command of the Hudson river, and thus cut off the States of New England from those lying south, and a large army of their best men, under the command of the brilliant and dashing Burgoyne, set sail from England, and arrived at Quebec early in the spring. The first point of attack was to be Ticonderoga, but when the garrison heard of the powerful force that was coming against them they hastily left the

fort and fled, closely followed by the British. Meantime General Schuyler, who was in command of the patriot troops in Canada, called together the militia from all the country round, and helped by Arnold, who had joined him after capturing Fort Schuyler, he beset the British on their march, cutting off their supplies, and delaying them with constant little attacks.

General Gates now replaced Schuyler, and the army moved forward to Stillwater, where the enemy were encamped, and a fierce battle took place, with great loss to the British. Burgoyne now began to feel dismayed, and to regret that he had so confidently brought his men into the wilderness, where they were surrounded by foes, and had no means of getting any more food if their supplies gave out. He sent a message to Sir Henry Clinton at New York, begging for help, and, giving his soldiers a smaller amount of food each day, waited anxiously for a week ; but as no help came he was obliged to fight again. All day long the battle raged furiously, and when night put an end to it, the British, who were badly beaten, withdrew under cover of darkness to the heights of Saratoga. Early

next day Gates followed, and surrounded Burgoyne and his men so closely, as to cut off every chance of escape. Burgoyne was in despair ; he had only provisions for three days longer, and for those three days he held out, hoping that help would come from New York ; but in vain, and on the 17th of October he surrendered with his whole army. Loud were the rejoicings of the patriots over this glorious victory which brought peace and security to the North.

During the remainder of the autumn, Washington fought bravely on, but with little success, and at length he withdrew to winter quarters in the woods of Valley Forge. The cold was intense, and the sufferings of the soldiers great. Food was scarce, they had very little clothing, and no shoes, and only huts to shelter them from the bitter weather. Never were patriots of any land tried more severely than were the men of the American army that terrible time, but they bore it with what seems to us now superhuman courage. It was the most direful period of Washington's career.

The year of 1778 opened more hopefully. The French, encouraged by the victory of Sara-

toga, acknowledged the independence of America and promised to support her; this frightened England, already dismayed at her losses, and she sent over agents to try and make peace, offering our people all that they had asked for at the beginning of the war. But in vain, and when the agents tried to bribe one of the leading burgesses, he met their offer with scorn, saying, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." England had therefore no choice but to continue the war, and Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief, gathered his forces together and awaited the patriot army. Washington, who had left his huts in the forest, sent Lee forward to begin the attack, promising to bring up the rest of the army to support him. But Lee retreated when he saw the long lines of the foe waiting for him, to the great anger of Washington, who spoke very sharply to him and ordered him forward; and between them they drove off the British, who went back to New York. The quick-tempered and proud Lee could not forget the way Washington had spoken to him, and demanded an apology.

A court-martial was held, but Lee was found guilty of disrespect, disobeying orders, and retreating on the field of battle, and he was sent away for a year ; he never joined the army again, and spent the one year of life which remained to him in vainly trying to poison the minds of the people against Washington.

In July, the promised help came from France, in the shape of a fleet of ships which, unfortunately, however, were so much damaged in a furious storm, that they had to retire at once to the West Indies to refit. The year ended up with the capture of the military forts in Georgia by the British, and a few small engagements in which our people came off victors ; and then the troops went back to their uncomfortable winter quarters. As time went on, and the war stopped all business and trade, the country got poorer and poorer ; paper money was issued, but it soon became worthless, and nothing could be bought with it. The army in particular suffered, and even the officers had not enough money to buy proper clothing ; but their great love for their country and their devotion to Washington made them patient and steadfast.

Early in the spring of 1780, Sir Henry Clinton appeared before Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, with a large force, and compelled the scanty garrison to surrender. Flushed with victory, he marched through the State, placing garrisons in various towns, and killing every one he met without mercy. He tried to make the Georgians take arms under him, but this they would not do, preferring to fight to the death. They were few in number compared to the enemy, but, under Colonel Sumter, they defeated many parties of the British, cheered on by the news that Gates, with a small army, was marching night and day to their relief. But Cornwallis with half the British forces was lying in wait for him, and surprised his weary troops one night, utterly routing them. Cornwallis then rode off at the head of his men to where Sumter was making his last stand, hourly hoping for Gates's promised help. But instead of friends, his bitter enemies surrounded Sumter, and, outnumbered and despairing, he had to give in. But even now the spirit of the Georgians was not broken; they seemed to grow more steadfast with each defeat. Being at a

loss for weapons, they cut swords from the saws in the sawmills; and hiding themselves in the woods and marshes, they used to sally out in the dark and fall upon the British unawares, and so the spirit of freedom was kept alive in the State. Once a very daring band attacked a regiment which was encamped on the top of a mountain, and ascending it again and again, succeeded after many repulses in killing the British commander, and his followers surrendered. But though the patriots were so brave and desperate they had gained little this year. Money, and clothes, and food, were getting more and more scarce; but the troops unfed, unpaid and half clothed as they were, refused with one consent, when offered food and money in abundance by the British. In this dark hour a heavy blow fell upon the nation; one of the men whom America held most dear by reason of his bravery and faithfulness, had turned traitor. Benedict Arnold, the gallant, the daring, the warm-hearted, had resolved to betray his country; he was terribly in want of money, and the British gold tempted him. It has since come to light, too, that Arnold was jealous, smarting under

what he conceived to be a lack of appreciation of his services by Washington and others. Besides he was influenced by a Tory wife and her relatives. He was at the time in command of West Point, a very important fort, and he wrote to Sir Henry Clinton, promising to deliver it into his hands for a certain sum of money. When this letter reached Clinton he sent Major André, a clever, brave young man, to settle the matter with Arnold. Disguised as a traveler, and provided with a pass, André got safely through the patriot lines one night, and had an interview with Arnold, who, it was agreed, should receive \$500,000, and a general's commission in the British army, in exchange for the fort at West Point. The matter settled, André set out to return ; he passed the guards safely, but before the end of his journey he was stopped by three New York soldiers, and thinking they were British he did not trouble to show his pass, merely saying that he was a British officer. The words had hardly passed his lips when he saw his mistake, and he begged them to let him go, offering them his watch and all the gold he had with him ; but they only shook

their heads, and took him off to their commanding officer. In his boots were found the agreement, and a map of the works at West Point. Fearing for the safety of Arnold, André wrote him a letter, telling him what had happened, and Arnold at once made his escape to New York, where he received the money for which he had betrayed his country, and took his promised place in the British army, but his new companions all hated and despised him as a spy. André was tried, and though Clinton did all he could to get him released, Washington ordered him to be hanged ; and this disgraceful death he suffered nobly. Many people have pitied André and thought his fate too hard, but the times were hard and Washington could not afford half-measures. André suffered no worse fate than did the American patriot, Nathan Hale, at the hands of the British when caught as a spy ; and Hale's mission was less disastrous to the British cause than that of André would have proved to the Americans had he been successful.

In the south, meanwhile, the patriots under Morgan had won a very important victory over

Cornwallis, depriving him of a fifth of his force; but Cornwallis determined to be revenged, and, hearing that Morgan was marching to Virginia, he gathered more troops together, and hastened after him. Morgan knew his army was not strong enough to resist this large force, and that his only chance lay in flight, so he hurried on as rapidly as he could and crossed the falls of the Catawba before night came on; three hours later Cornwallis arrived, but it was too dark for him to cross, and he encamped on the bank. During the night a heavy rain fell, swelling the river and making it very difficult for Cornwallis to get his men across. This gave Morgan a start, and on he went, his wearied men marching bravely and steadfastly. Cornwallis drew nearer and nearer, and when on the third day the Americans reached another river, and were wading through it, the enemy appeared on the bank, and seized some of their baggage. But again darkness prevented the British from following, and again they were delayed by the rising of the river. These delays gave Morgan another long start, and five days afterwards the patriot army, hav-

ing marched without resting for twenty-four hours, reached the further bank of the river Dan in safety, just as the British appeared on the opposite shore. This time Cornwallis gave up the useless chase, and sullenly returned to Hillsborough. Green now took command of the patriot army, and having collected more troops, returned to the South and fought three battles with the British, one after another, in the last of which he was victorious.

Cornwallis now set out to join Clinton at New York, hearing that Washington intended to besiege that city; but Washington resolved to cut him off before he could get there, and leaving New York, went to meet him with a large army of French and Americans. Cornwallis, with his troops, took refuge in a fort, and the patriots planting their cannon round it, began to pour their shot upon him night and day, till the walls were battered down and he and all his men were obliged to surrender. This second loss of a whole army took away the last hope of the British, and they determined that an end should be put to the ruinous war. A meeting was held in Paris, and in September, 1783, a treaty was

signed between the two countries, by which England completely acknowledged the independence of the United States of America. All the British troops left the country, the patriot army was disbanded, and General Washington, the beloved saviour of his country, retired for a nobly-earned rest to his peaceful, happy home at Mount Vernon.

CHAPTER VII

THE joy of our people in their newly won freedom was deep and lasting. Heavy though the losses of the long struggle had been, leaving them sadly in want of money, their trade spoilt, and their property destroyed, no one grumbled or mourned, but all set cheerfully to work to repair the fortunes of their beloved country. The chief men in the land gathered themselves together to make out the best plan of government possible. For four months they talked it over with closed doors, and at the end of that time they brought out the scheme they had made, and placed it before the willing people. It was as follows:—the government was to be in the hands of the Congress, which was to consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Senate was to be composed of Senators, two from each State. The members of the House of Representatives were to be chosen by the people, one to every thirty thousand inhabitants.

At the head of Congress was the President, and under him was the Vice-President, both of whom were to be chosen by the people once in every four years. The President was also helped by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior. With one voice the people chose George Washington, "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," as the first President of the United States, and John Adams was elected Vice-President. On the 4th of March, 1789, the new government, or, as it was called, the Constitution of the United States, came into force. The first thing to be done was to get enough money to support the government, and to pay off the debts that had been made in the war. This was the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton was a very clever and popular man. When he was only fifteen, and still at school, he wrote such a clever essay on a hurricane that his father, a poor Scotchman, who had thought of making him a clerk in some office, scraped together all the money he could and sent him to King's College.

There he was beginning to make his mark when the war broke out, and he took up arms for his country, fighting so bravely that men called him "the little lion." Washington took a fancy to him, and made him his secretary, and he went on steadily rising till, when the Constitution was formed, he took a leading part in it, and became Secretary of the Treasury. In his careful hands the money affairs of the Government soon became orderly; he levied some easy taxes, gradually worked off the heavy debts, and put matters on a prosperous footing. The Secretary of State was Thomas Jefferson, a hard worker in the cause of Liberty, who had drawn up the Declaration of Independence. Under the new government, and with the noble and well-beloved Washington as President, the prospects of the nation grew bright, and when the President made a tour through the country the people could not do enough to show how much they loved and honored him.

One of the taxes Hamilton levied on the country was a tax on spirits, which caused some discontent in Pennsylvania, where a body of discontented men resisted it. Washington, who

considered himself bound by the most solemn vows to see that the laws were faithfully obeyed, called out the militia of the State to put down the rising, and under General Lee a large band marched against the rebels, who at once laid down their arms ; their leaders were seized, but after a trial were all pardoned ; an act of mercy which made the people love and respect their President even more.

In 1790, there was a good deal of trouble with the Indians on the western frontier ; more than one general who was sent to subdue them had to confess himself defeated, and daily they grew bolder and more daring. But at last in one great battle their strength was broken, and they fled in dismay. Many of their houses and corn-fields were destroyed, and forts built on the ground where they had stood ; and with those who still remained in the country a treaty was made which was long and faithfully kept, and gave peace and security to the whites who lived on the frontier.

In 1792, Kentucky was admitted to the Union, *i. e.*, became one of the United States. Long after the other States were settled it had been

one of the hunting grounds of the Indians, and Colonel Boone was the first to explore the country. All the companions of his journey were killed by the Indians, and alone he remained in the wilderness for two years. Chance then gave him an opportunity of escaping, but he soon after returned, bringing with him a number of would-be colonists, who made clearings in the forest, and began the first settlement, which after a time grew to quite a large size.

France was now undergoing a terrible struggle ; the people had risen up and put the King and Queen, and hundreds of the nobility and clergy to death on the scaffold, thus bringing down upon themselves the wrath of other European nations. In this hour of their need the French, remembering how they had helped America, looked to her for help, and in 1793 sent over a representative ; but he, taking advantage of the kindness with which he was received, sent out privateers from Charleston to capture the vessels of any nations who were enemies to France, though they were at peace with the United States. Several British ships were captured in this way, and the British min-

ister complained to Washington, who ordered the sending out of the privateers to be stopped, but not before the matter had made England feel aggrieved. France, too, was angry with America for not joining her in her European wars, and in revenge sent out her privateers to seize American merchant ships, and our people sent over a representative to try and settle the matter in friendly fashion.

George Washington, after having twice been President, and through eight hard-working years skilfully guided his countrymen till they were well on the way to prosperity, now determined to retire from public life and spend the rest of his days in peace at Mount Vernon ; but before he left them he published a farewell address to the people he loved so well and had served so faithfully, telling them of his pride in them, urging them to go on as they had begun, and ending up with a solemn warning to beware of that most deadly of all dangers, quarreling among themselves ; and then the greatest statesman and hero of the age, amidst the blessings of his grateful countrymen, retired to Mount Vernon.

John Adams, one of America's chief patriots, was now made President, and he had hardly entered upon his duties when bad news came from France. The French refused to receive the representative whom America had sent over, and would listen to no friendly proposals until they received a large sum of money. This of course America would not give them, and war was declared. All eyes now turned to Mount Vernon, and the people begged Washington to come forth and lead them to victory as he had so often done before. He did not fail them, and once more took his place at the head of the army. Happily, however, a fight at sea in which America captured some French ships settled the matter, and a treaty was made between the two countries. But all joy at this peaceful ending was swallowed up in grief at the great loss which now befell our country. Washington, the father of the nation, died on the 14th of December, 1799, after an illness of only one day. Throughout the whole land there was mourning and sorrow. "Our country mourns a father. The Almighty disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest

benefactor and ornament," so spoke the Senate. Funeral services were held in each town and village, and every mark of respect was paid to the memory of their beloved leader. A city was laid out near Mount Vernon, and called after him, and became the capital of the United States and the seat of Congress. Shortly after the great President's death a census was taken, which showed that in four years the people had increased in number by nearly 1,400,000, and that the revenue, or income of the government from taxes, etc., was nearly three times as much; a more rapid advance in prosperity than has ever been known in history. The country, too, was growing larger, and Tennessee had been added to the Union.

In 1801, Thomas Jefferson became President. The eight years during which he ruled the United States, for he was reelected in 1805, were years of great prosperity and growing power. In 1803, the vast and important State of Louisiana, through which runs one of the noblest rivers in the world, was bought from France for fifteen million dollars. And in the same year a war, which added much to the

fame of American arms, was carried on with the Dey of Algiers. For some years the Dey had received money from American merchants for allowing them to trade with his ports, but instead of protecting them, he seized a frigate which had gone aground, and sold the crew as slaves. But America would not tamely submit to such an insult, and Lieutenant Decatur, a high-spirited young officer, determined to recapture the vessel. Obtaining permission to make the attempt from his commanding officer, he set out from Syracuse in a small schooner with seventy-six men, and sailing into the harbor of Tripoli under cover of night, came up alongside the frigate. He sprang on board followed by his men, and, sword in hand, rushed upon the sleeping enemy, of whom he made short work, killing many and driving others into the sea. The noise of the fighting attracted the notice of the rest of the enemy's fleet, and Decatur, seeing he had no chance of getting away with his prize, set fire to her, and escaped on his schooner, without having lost a single man. For this gallant action he was made a post-captain. In 1804, a large American fleet under

Commodore Preble bombarded Tripoli, reduced it to subjection, and the frightened Dey made peace with the United States. Preble added much glory to American seamanship.

Just about this time America lost another of her patriots. Hamilton, who had done so much for her prosperity, was mortally wounded in a duel, which had been thrust upon him by Aaron Burr, a man who had been the jealous rival of his life. The whole nation mourned for Hamilton, and Burr was forced to fly, with the stain of murder on his name. He spent some years in exile, and again returned to the scenes of his early life. After a mad scheme he had formed for making himself the Emperor of Mexico, he died obscurely in New York.

The strife between England and France still continued, and England, who in order to man her large fleets, used to seize her subjects by force and compel them to serve as sailors, claimed the right to search for her men on the vessels of other nations, the treatment of English sailors being so harsh in those days that many preferred to sail under other flags; and very often, under pretense of taking her own

subjects, she seized citizens of the United States and made them serve in her navy. In vain our people protested ; England upheld her right of search and capture, and even on one occasion, fired upon an American ship, killing and wounding several of her men, and carrying off others to man her own decks. This outrage caused great indignation in America, and Jefferson forbade all British ships of war to enter the harbors of the United States. But still American merchants could not trade in safety, as Great Britain issued a decree called "Orders in Council," forbidding any country to trade with France except on payment of a tax to her, and Bonaparte, the Emperor of the French, retorted by declaring that any ships which did pay such a tax would be captured by his subjects. Jefferson, meantime, refused to trade with either France or England until these decrees were put aside. The French gave in, and trade was resumed with that country, but England was obstinate, and, in order to prevent America from trading with France, she stationed ships of war before the harbors of the United States, and seized any ships that ventured out, many falling into her

hands ; indeed, since 1803, England had captured about nine hundred American vessels. The patience of our people was now at an end ; Madison, who had succeeded Jefferson as President, called Congress together, and suggested that preparations should be made for war, and on the 1st of June, 1811, war was declared against Great Britain. Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts, was appointed commander-in-chief ; he was a brave and gallant soldier, and had fought in the battle of Bunker's Hill and served with Arnold against Quebec. For a long time he had been Secretary of War, winning golden opinions from all.

In July, an expedition was sent against Canada, but General Hull, who was in command of it, believed his force to be too weak to compete with the enemy, and surrendered to the British amid the rage and even tears of his soldiers. He was tried for unworthy and cowardly conduct, and his name was for a time struck off the rolls of the army. But later inquiry has restored his good name as a faithful soldier who acted in accordance with his judgment in not sacrificing his men against overpowering force.

There were two other expeditions into Canada, but they were both failures, and when the campaign of 1812 came to an end, the army in the north had done nothing, to the deep disappointment of the nation.

But on the ocean the American arms had gained a rich harvest of victory and glory. On the 19th of August a series of naval victories began, and frigate after frigate was captured by the American ships. The American privateers, too, captured five hundred British merchantmen in the first seven months of the war.

Very early in 1813, twenty more regiments were added to the army, and a number of new ships of war were ready; and so eager were the people for the struggle, that instead of waiting till the spring, they began the campaign in the winter. Bravely and steadily they fought against large forces of British and Indians, but again and again they were driven back, till the Indians, growing tired, deserted their allies, and then the British retreated.

General Pike, a hardy soldier who had been born in a camp, now attacked York on Lake Ontario, with a body of troops. They were

met on the water's edge by the British, but they drove them back and, pressing forward, were entering the fort, when suddenly a great powder magazine blew up with a tremendous explosion, hurling upon them a shower of stones and timber. Many were killed, and their gallant commander received a mortal wound, but urged on by him, they pressed forward still, and gained possession of the town. The flag which had waved over the fort was carried to the dying Pike; at his desire it was placed under his head, and with a smile of triumph on his lips, he died. Fort George, at the head of the lake, also fell into the hands of our people, but after that the tide of victory turned, and twice they were driven back.

On the seas fighting still continued, and in February, America gained her sixth successive naval victory. Later on the British ship *Shannon* was cruising about near Boston at the time, and her commander sent a challenge to *Laurence* who commanded the "*Chesapeake*," then anchored at Boston. The "*Chesapeake*" was just then in bad condition to fight, she had paid off a goodly number of her men and sev-

eral of the crew remaining were in a state of half mutiny. But her daring young commander met the enemy's challenge. When the "Shannon" opened fire he returned it with vigor. In a very few minutes every officer on the "Chesapeake" was either killed or wounded; the brave young commander received a mortal wound, and as he was carried below he gave his last order "Don't give up the ship;" but it was useless to continue the struggle and the crew unwillingly gave themselves up.

On Lake Erie a fleet was now ready which, under Commander Perry, met the British fleet on the 10th of September. Perry's ship was called the "Laurence," and on the flag were written the words of the dying Laurence "Don't give up the ship" and he led the way amidst the cheers of all the other American vessels. Desperate was the fight, but at four o'clock the brave Perry sent a short note to General Harrison who was anxiously waiting on the shore, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Harrison immediately hastened forward after the retreating British, and obtained a complete victory over them near the river

Thames; Detroit too fell into his hands, and thus brilliantly ended up the campaign of 1813.

The Indians in the South took advantage of the absence of the troops at the war to give a good deal of trouble, but they were soon crushed by a few regiments who were hastily spared to put them down.

The chief battle in the campaign of 1814 was the battle of Bridgwater, which began before sunset, and went on till midnight. It was fought near the cataract of Niagara, the noise of whose rushing waters could not be heard for the thunder of the guns. The British placed their cannon in a commanding position on a little hill and poured down a heavy fire upon our people. "Can you storm that battery?" said the general in command to one of his captains; "I'll try, sir," was the answer, and with a cheering shout to his men, who pressed eagerly after him, the young officer steadily ascended the hill, and, under the very fire of the cannon, drove back the enemy, and seizing the guns turned them upon the British. In vain the enemy tried to rescue them, and fiercely they fought, but they

were finally driven from the hill leaving the American army in possession of the field.

Again too, were the Americans successful at Plattsburg, putting to rapid flight a large force of the British.

In August, the British proceeded to attack Washington, both by sea and land, and the American general in command, who had very few troops at his disposal, thought it wisest to retreat, leaving Washington almost deserted. The enemy, meeting with no opposition, entered the town and an hour afterwards all the chief buildings were in a blaze, and many valuable libraries and works of art were destroyed by the flames. Having done all the mischief they could the British left the city, and set sail for Baltimore, meaning to treat it in the same way, but they were met by such a determined resistance, that the attack was given up, and the troops retreated southwards.

Early in December, while our soldiers were resting in their winter quarters, news reached them that the British were getting ready a large force to march against New Orleans, and General Jackson, one of the bravest of the Ameri-

can commanders, was instantly sent off to that city, with as many troops as he could get together at such short notice. He found all the citizens in a state of confusion and alarm, no one knowing what to do, or how to prepare to resist the expected enemy. Jackson at once took matters into his own skilled hands ; all who could wield a spade or carry a musket were set to work, and when the enemy appeared a month later strong fortifications had been built, behind which Jackson's men were posted to receive them. General Pakenham, the hero of many a European battle-field, who led the British, paused when he saw the strength of the lines prepared to meet him, and waited a few days to rest and refresh his troops. On the 8th of January, he made ready, and his troops moved forward for the attack. Our soldiers kept perfectly still until the British were quite close to them, and then suddenly put their lighted matches to the cannon, and a fierce fire burst forth, killing the British by hundreds ; while our men behind the cannon kept up a continual fire with their rifles, and as they had been trained to shoot from their childhood, few escaped them, and the

plain was soon covered with dead and wounded. Twice the British fell back, and twice they rallied, but when the last of their three generals fell to the ground mortally wounded they fled in disorder to their camp. In little more than an hour two thousand three hundred and sixty men were killed wounded or missing on the British side, while Jackson's loss, all told, was but seventy-one men. It was the most complete defeat ever inflicted on the British army on American soil. This terrible loss put to flight the last hope of the British, and they made a treaty of peace, taking back all their demands and putting aside the "Orders in Council"; and amid the rejoicing of the nation the war came to a victorious end.

There was some trouble soon after with the Dey of Algiers, who broke the treaty he had made with the United States, but a fleet under his old enemy, Decatur, reduced him to submission, and then America was at peace both at home and abroad.

In 1817, President Madison was succeeded by James Monroe, who became famous as the author of what is called the "Monroe Doctrine," which forbade any European nation to make

colonies of any kind on American soil. He was an honest, able man, and in the eight years during which he ruled the United States the country recovered from the evil effects of the war, and began to flourish. Numbers of people left the Atlantic States and went westward, and so rapid was the increase of the population that within ten years five new States were added to the Union ; Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama and Maine. In 1819, Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain, who in 1564, had founded the town of St. Augustine, the oldest town in North America. In 1821, Missouri became the twenty-fourth State of the Union.

In 1825, John Quincy Adams, son of the famous John Adams, became President ; in his time peace remained unbroken and the prosperity of the country increased. On July 5th, 1826, the Jubilee of American Independence was celebrated, and on the same day died John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the second and third Presidents of the United States, both of whom had helped to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Adams was succeeded by Gen-

eral Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, who, after ruling for two terms, was followed by Martin Van Buren. The peace that reigned in the land was seldom broken, except by an Indian rising now and again. Van Buren was followed by General Harrison, who, however, died before a month had passed by, and was replaced by John Tyler of Virginia. In his time the boundary of Canada which had long been the occasion of dispute, was settled with England, and trade was opened with China. In 1832, the State of Iowa was bought by the United States from the Sioux, one of the largest and most powerful of the Indian tribes, and together with Florida it was added to the Union. Michigan had joined some time before.

In 1845, James K. Polk became President, and to convey the news of his election the telegraph, which had just been invented, was first used. In the same year James Smithson, a generous Englishman, left half a million of dollars to the United States, for the foundation of a college at Washington, which was called the Smithsonian Institute.

In the same year, the large country of Texas

was added to the Union, but Mexico claimed it as hers, and as the United States would not give it up, war was declared, and in March, General Zachary Taylor went at the head of the United States troops to open the campaign. He reached the mouth of the Rio Grande at the end of the month, and, after building a fort there, went on to Point Isabel. On the way thither he met with a Mexican force, which he entirely defeated. Pressing forward steadily into the heart of the country he met another large Mexican force, and treated them in the same way as he had done their comrades. The city of Matamoras fell into his hands, and still he advanced, and fought a battle at Walnut Springs, three miles from Monterey, which lasted for four days, and ended in utter defeat to the Mexicans. As he pursued his triumphant march through the country, he left garrisons in the various towns that fell into his hands, thus reducing the size of his army; but he cared little for this, and when he heard that a Mexican force of more than four times the size of his own was coming against him, he took up a position at Buena Vista, and awaited it in perfect

calm. In the early dawn of an October morning the enemy came into sight, and the battle began. Long and desperate it was, but the sun went down on the flight of the Mexicans from the field. This victory gave the United States the frontier. General Scott replaced General Taylor, and on the 13th of March began an equally brilliant campaign with the capture of Vera Cruz. To reach the capital was his aim; between him and it was a long range of mountains where the Mexican general was awaiting him, securely entrenched. But on went Scott, and took height after height, driving the Mexicans before him in a hurried, scattered flight. The whole march was one long series of triumphs, and on the 13th of September, the Stars and Stripes floated above the walls of the palace in the ancient capital of Mexico. This ended the war, and peace was made in February, 1848, Mexico giving up not only all claim to Texas but also New Mexico, Utah, and California to the United States. While the conquests described were being made by Generals Taylor and Scott Colonel Stephen W. Kearney had gone by the old South trail across the mountains

of what is now Colorado, thence over the Rio Grande Valley, and after declaring the whole of Mexico and the territories adjacent to it, the property of the United States, he started to seize California. On arriving there he found Stockton, Frémont and other Americans, who had been working for the same purpose, and together their combined efforts completed the conquest of California. A year later gold was discovered, and in 1849 began the great rush of people from all the Eastern states to the gold fields of California. The great struggle as to whether California would be a free or a slave state was decided in 1850, when it entered the Union as a free state.

On the 23d of February, 1848, John Quincy Adams, who for more than sixty years had faithfully served his country, was suddenly struck with paralysis during a debate in the House of Representatives. He was carried to the Speaker's room in the Capitol, where he breathed his last, and once more his countrymen had to mourn the loss of one of their truest patriots.

In May, Wisconsin was purchased from the Indians and added to the Union.

In 1849, General Zachary Taylor became President, but he died before the end of the year, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, who, in his turn, was succeeded by General Franklin Pierce, and the years went by with few events to break the advancing prosperity of the nation.

CHAPTER VIII

IT was in the time of President Buchanan, who succeeded President Pierce, that the danger against which Washington had solemnly warned his countrymen, began to overshadow the land. Long ago it had hovered like a tiny cloud over the happiness of the nation ; year by year it had grown blacker and bigger, till at last the States broke into open discord. They were divided into two parties, the South who upheld slavery, and the North who opposed it. The Southern States abound in vast tracts of swamp and marsh-land, on which flourish huge plantations of cotton, rice and sugar. These plantations brought wealth in abundance to their owners, who lived like princes in great mansions, amid oak and magnolia groves, avenues of palms and stately gardens ; lords of hundreds of slaves, who were descended from those brought by the planters of Barbadoes into the land more than a hundred years ago. Very different was the life

of the people in the north ; they, too, were rich, but their wealth came from trading ; they had no need of slaves. Those they had owned in the early days of the colonies they had got rid of either by selling them to the South or giving them their freedom ; and they looked with a disapproving eye on the slave trade in the Southern States. The representatives of the two parties struggled together in Congress, each trying to win over to their side all the new States which joined the Union. The South wished to extend slavery into the New States and Territories. In 1820 some peacemaker suggested the "Missouri Compromise" which declared that slavery was not to exist in any States north of a certain latitude, whether they were now in the Union, or joined it in the future. In 1854, however, this act was set aside, and the quarreling of the two parties over the new States became worse than ever. In 1859, a brave and earnest young man, named John Brown, who looked with horror on the evils of the slave trade, made a desperate attempt to free the negroes of Virginia, by an attack on Harper's Ferry ; but it cost him his life,

and led to nothing, except an even deeper hatred between the North and South ; moderate people in both sections deplored this attempt made by Brown. In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President. This brought matters to a crisis ; as though he did not suggest that slavery should be entirely done away with, yet he wanted to limit it. Lincoln was a remarkable man. He was born in 1809 in the Kentucky forests, and by the flickering firelight in his father's humble cabin the little boy read the Life of George Washington, and made up his mind that he too would be great. He learned anything that any one would teach him, and read every book he could find, and by and by when he got a little older he launched his canoe on the river and went to seek his fortune. Many were the trades he followed, with each one rising a little higher. He was a boatman, a storekeeper, a postmaster, a surveyor, a captain of volunteers in one of the Indian wars, and so on, until he became the first lawyer in his State, a member of Congress, and finally President ; and through it all he had walked so honestly and purely among his neigh-

bors, that his very name passed into a proverb of fair-dealing. He was very tall, and strong ; his smile was bright and kind, and his look straightforward and honest. One of his maxims was that every man has the right "to eat the bread, without leave of any one else, which his own hand earns." The Southerners knew they could not hope to win over such a man to their side, and, directly the result of the election became known, the men of South Carolina held a meeting, and openly declared their intention of seceding, or leaving the Union, and having a government of their own. Their example was followed by all the other slave States, one after another, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas and Virginia, and on the 4th of February, 1861, the new government was formed under the title of the Confederate States of America. Mr. Jefferson Davis, a strong and resolute man, well fitted for the difficult post he had to fill, was chosen President, and Richmond in Virginia became the capital, and seat of Congress.

The first thing the Southerners did when they seceded was to try and seize all the forts, arse-

nals and navy-yards in the South, whether they were rightly their property or not, and the forts at Charleston, Pinckney, Moultrie and Sumter, they were most anxious to possess. Major Anderson was in command of these forts, and held Moultrie with only sixty-nine men, and as Buchanan, who did not give up the Presidentship till March, refused to send him any help, he secretly removed all his men to Sumter, which was by far the strongest of the forts and in the best position. The Southerners at once seized all the other forts, and large gangs of slaves were set to work to raise batteries round Anderson's stronghold. While this was going on Lincoln came into power, and in his opening speech he stated that he did not intend to interfere with slavery, but only to see that the laws were faithfully observed; that all acts of violence against the Union would be considered as rebellion; but, except to defend itself and its rights, the Union would use no force, and that in the hands of the people themselves lay the question of civil war; and he ended up with a hope that peace and good-will would continue among them.

When Anderson heard of the change in Presidents he sent a note to Lincoln, telling him that he could only hold out a little while longer, and Lincoln sent off men to relieve him ; but before they could arrive, Beauregard, a Confederate general, came to Charleston to take command, and called on Anderson to surrender, which he refused to do. Beauregard waited a few days, and then warned Anderson that unless he gave in, firing would begin in an hour's time. But Anderson paid no heed, and at half-past four one morning all the batteries round Sumter began the bombardment of the fort. Towards one o'clock the garrison saw the relief ships, which unfortunately, however, could not get into the harbor on account of the enemy ; but Anderson continued to hold out until the second day, when the barracks belonging to the fort caught fire, all the powder had to be thrown into the sea, and then the faithful man was obliged to haul down the Union flag and give in. This was the beginning of the Civil War, and when Lincoln heard the news he sent forth a proclamation calling on all loyal citizens to come to the aid of the Union. All party feeling was put

an end to, and there were now but two rallying points; the camps of the South to fight against the Union, and the camps of the North to defend it. Everywhere in the North the enlistment of volunteers began, and subscriptions poured in; more than double the number of men required offered their services, and in forty-eight hours various armed companies were ready.

Maryland wavered between the two parties; for a time the Confederates seemed to have won it over, and cut all railroad and telegraph communications with the North; they also seized the Gosport navy-yard, one of the chief naval stations in the country, where supplies and a number of ships had been stored; but the few officers who had charge of it, rather than let such valuable property fall into Confederate hands, burnt to ashes the yard, and stores, and all the ships, except one called the "Merrimac," which they sank. Fear now began to be felt at Washington, which, as the chief town in Columbia, lies between Virginia and Maryland. Rumors came of great Confederate armies collecting in the neighboring States, and all business ceased. But Unionist troops, sent by General

Scott, the commander-in-chief, were on their way from the North, and when they arrived in warlike array, and set to work to fortify the town, the citizens felt secure again. But Baltimore was still rebellious; and when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment, the first to respond to the call of war, marched unsuspiciously into Baltimore it was fired upon by a Rebel mob and several of our soldiers were killed. This roused a fury of resentment at the North; others quickly followed and took possession of the town, thus destroying the Confederate power in Maryland.

Missouri also wavered. The governor was in favor of the Confederates, and General Scott sent a trustworthy young captain with a body of troops to put him down. A battle was fought at Boonville, in which the Confederates were defeated; the governor fled, and Missouri, too, was safe to the Union.

Twenty-two States now remained in the Union with twenty-two million people; while the Confederates had only eleven States with nine million people, of whom three and a half million were slaves, but the slaves were very faithful and never betrayed their trust; they

were also very useful in building fortifications and batteries, and they raised the crops on which the South lived during the whole war. The Southerners, although they were so few in number, were more warlike than the Unionists; whereas Northern young men had turned to business pursuits, those of the South had for generations entered the army or navy, and a larger number of trained officers were on their side. Besides, they were fighting for what they thought their freedom, and on their own ground. They had some very good generals, too; Joseph E. Johnston, a gallant and clever soldier, and Robert E. Lee, who took command of the forces in Virginia, a noble Christian soldier and gentleman of great strength and courage, who had already won great fame in the Mexican war. Virginia was the chief seat of the war, as Richmond, the Confederate capital, was near the frontier, and Washington was on the boundary line, and the chief object of both parties was to protect their own capital, and try and capture the capital of the other. Richmond was protected on the north and east by the Chickahominy, a river with rapid currents, and surrounded with

marshes ; while Washington could easily be approached by marching down the Shenandoah Valley. General Beauregard, the captor of Fort Sumter, was ordered to guard Richmond and to threaten Washington, and he took up a position on a hill at Manassas, near the stream of Bull Run. There the Unionists determined to attack him, and, under General McDowell, they crossed Bull Run on Sunday morning, July 21, and charged upon Beauregard and his troops. At first some of the Confederates seemed about to retreat, but their colonel cheered them on, pointing out a brigade which was standing immovable under a heavy fire. "Look," he cried, "at Jackson. There he stands like a stone wall;" and ever after the name of "Stonewall Jackson" clung to the gallant young officer, who soon took a high place among the Confederate generals. This turned the tide of battle, and though McDowell tried again and again to storm the hill on which Beauregard was stationed, he was always driven back, till the Unionists retreated, leaving the Confederates victors of the battle of Bull Run.

General Scott was an old man, and he felt he

had not the power to serve his country as he longed to do ; a younger man was needed, and, believing G. B. McClellan to be the one most fitted, he summoned him to Washington, and gave him the command of the whole Union army. McClellan had already gained a victory over the Confederates in West Virginia. He was a strong, active, energetic man with a thorough knowledge of a soldier's duties, and his men adored him. His one great defect had not yet appeared, and great hopes were formed of what he would do for the Unionist cause. The troops were soon busy from morning till night, drilling, and practicing, and learning all that was necessary, and day by day volunteers poured in. And so the winter went by and the spring came, but McClellan made no move. He was busy planning a vast expedition right into the heart of the enemy's country. It was in this that McClellan's weakness lay ; he wasted time in making schemes too great to be carried out, while the Confederates took up important positions unhindered.

In other parts of the country the Unionists had gained some small victories, but the Con-

federates did not heed them, so elated were they at the success of a great ironclad, the first that had ever been brought into action. When the Gosport navy-yard fell into their hands, they raised the wooden frigate "Merrimac" from her resting-place at the bottom of the harbor, and rebuilt her, covering her all over with heavy iron plates, and fitting her with an iron ram. When everything was ready, she came out of Norfolk harbor, and made for two Unionist men-of-war which were lying at anchor; they were sailing vessels, very good of their kind, and well armed and manned, but the ironclad made short work of them. With her iron ram she pierced their wooden sides, and one after the other they sank like stones to the bottom; the heavy fire their crews kept desperately up to the end, bounding harmlessly off the iron sides of the "Merrimac." Great were the rejoicings of the Confederates over this victory, as they thought there was not a single Unionist vessel which could withstand their iron monster. But they were mistaken, for the very next day when the "Merrimac" steamed out of the harbor, confidently bent on the destruction of the whole

Union fleet, she was met by a little ironclad called the "Monitor," and the Confederates opened their eyes, for indeed they had seen nothing like her before. She had no sides nor bulwarks, only an iron-plated deck level with the water, on which revolved an iron turret containing two great guns, which she pointed at the "Merrimac," and though the two vessels fired at each other continuously for two hours, neither received any injury.

Depending on the "Monitor" to keep the "Merrimac" at bay, and urged on by the President, whose faith in him was so shaken that he had now limited his command to that part of the Union force called the "Army of the Potomac," McClellan began to carry out his great scheme by sending his troops to Fort Monroe, intending to march up the Peninsula, supported on either side by the Union fleet on the York and James rivers, and driving the Confederates before him until he reached Richmond, where he hoped to obtain a great and final victory. But it took a long time to convey the troops to Monroe, and meanwhile Ulysses Grant, a young Unionist general of

great promise, was making himself the hero of the hour by victories in the west. He captured two important Confederate forts, which commanded the rivers Tennessee and Cumberland, and several railway lines, and then took up a strong position at Pittsburg Landing on the former river. He had only a few troops with him, but every day General Buell was expected to arrive with a large force, and meantime Grant had no thought of any danger, believing that the Confederates were crushed by their recent defeat. He was soon to find out his mistake, however, as General A. S. Johnston, and General Beauregard were rapidly and secretly collecting a large army, intending to crush Grant before Buell could arrive. On the 6th of April they advanced upon the Unionists who, taken wholly by surprise though they were, yet stood their ground gallantly for a long time, retreating at last inch by inch, and fighting desperately the whole day. Elated at their success, the Confederates determined to break up the whole Unionist army, and pushed on over the bloody field of Shiloh from early morning till late afternoon, Grant holding out till the last.

Half an hour before the end of the fight the first regiments of Buell's force climbed the steep banks of the river ; but night came on, and it was impossible to continue fighting. The Confederates, too, received a sudden check by the loss of their brave commander General A. S. Johnston, who fell mortally wounded. During the night Buell arrived with the rest of his men, and in the morning the fight began again; but the Confederates, worn out with the fatigues of the day before, were unable to stand up before the fresh Unionist forces, and soon lost all that they had won, and the battle of Shiloh came to a close, leaving Grant and his men victors. The Confederates retreated to Tupelo, a very healthful place, there to rest and recover, and the Unionists moved on down the Mississippi to Memphis. Vicksburg only now remained to be taken, and then the whole of the Mississippi would be in the hands of the Union.

McClellan had now conveyed his troops to Fort Monroe, and began his march up the Peninsula. It was much harder work than he expected, as the Confederates had had plenty of time to entrench themselves, and he had not

nearly so many men as he wanted. He was most anxious for McDowell to join him, but that commander was busy chasing Stonewall Jackson, who was trying to draw him as far away from Richmond as possible ; and McClellan had to do the best he could with his rather small force. After taking Norfolk and Yorktown, he pushed on to Richmond, and encamped on the opposite side of the river Chickahominy some miles below the town. There a Confederate force under General Joseph Johnston fell upon him, and the battle of Fair Oaks was fought, with considerable loss on both sides. Directly after this battle McClellan set to work to build bridges over the river, and meanwhile General Lee arrived, and took command of the Confederate army. The first thing he did was to send Stuart, one of his cavalry officers, to find out all he could about the Unionist forces, and the news Stuart brought back was that McClellan had a very weak line of supplies. Now a general on his campaigns always looks carefully after his line of supplies, *i. e.*, whether he will be able to get supplies of food quickly and easily, by boat or rail, from some depot, as he

knows that his whole army will perish if supplies fail. So Stuart's news was hailed with joy by the Confederates, and Lee crossed the river with his troops to try and get between McClellan and his depot, Fort Monroe, and coming upon a part of the Unionist force, put them to flight at the battle of Gaines Mill. McClellan, in order to keep his line of supplies, was obliged to fall back nearer Fort Monroe, and set out with his army for Harrison's Landing on the James river, burning behind him the bridges he had built with so much trouble. Lee followed rapidly after him, and, overtaking him at Glendale, another battle was fought, with little result; and the Union army went on again, and took up a very strong position on Malvern Hill, which is surrounded by woods and swamps. There the Confederates attacked them again, but this time without success, and next day the Union army arrived safely at Harrison's Landing; and thus ended what is known as the "Seven Days' Battles." For a whole week the two armies had met and fought every day, and though in the last of the battles the Confederates had been defeated, they felt themselves

victors, as they had forced McClellan to give up his great plan of taking Richmond, and retreat before them ; and while every one in the North was clamoring against McClellan, the people of the South vied with each other in heaping praises on Lee.

General Halleck, who was now commander-in-chief of the whole Union army, placed General Pope at the head of a body of troops called the "Army of Virginia," and ordered him to take up a position where he could cover Washington ; and at the same time he ordered McClellan to give up all his great Peninsula schemes, and join Pope as soon as he could. But McClellan only arrived on the last day of the campaign, and meanwhile, Pope, who had to deal with Jackson at first, and soon after with Lee and Jackson together, the two cleverest generals in the Confederate army, was totally defeated in a series of battles. After the last of these, called the second battle of Bull Run, he most unwisely retreated, although he knew that McClellan was to join him next day, and with his fresh forces could probably have crushed the Confederates, who were worn out

with the continuous fighting. This retreat caused Pope's men to lose all confidence in him, and knowing himself a failure, he gave up the command and went back to Washington; his place being taken by McClellan.

When his army had somewhat recovered from the fatigues of the campaign, Lee determined to cross the Potomac, and try and get the undecided people of Maryland to join him, and on the 4th of September he entered Frederickstown, not knowing that McClellan, who had been on the watch, was following at a little distance behind. On arriving at Frederickstown, he divided his army into two parts, sending Jackson to take Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, while he went forward with the rest of the troops over the mountains, meaning to join Jackson again at Sharpsburg. Unfortunately, however, he left behind him a copy of his plans which fell into the hands of McClellan, who followed in instant pursuit, hoping to overtake and crush him before he could meet Jackson. The two armies came in sight of each other on the outskirts of Sharpsburg, on the banks of the Antietam, and there on the 16th of September

the great battle of the Antietam was fought. Again and again the Confederates charged, sometimes successfully and sometimes not; and in each encounter both sides lost hundreds of men. The most desperate of all the charges, in fact the most desperate in the whole war, took place in a sunken road, which was bravely held by the Confederates till their lines were broken, and then the road became a pit from which they could not escape from the deadly fire of their enemies, and it was soon filled with the dead and dying, and to this day is called Bloody Lane. Another division crossed the Antietam and attacked Sharpsburg, and were on the point of taking the city, when Jackson's men, fresh from victories at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, arrived, climbed the hill, and rushed to the rescue of their comrades. At night the battle ended, leaving Lee victorious, but he had lost so many men in the struggle that he had to give up all idea of invading Maryland, and went back into Virginia.

On the 2d of January, Lincoln proclaimed the freedom of the slaves in the rebel States; and about the same time McClellan, in whom

the Government had been losing faith for some time past, was removed from command, and his place taken by Burnside. This new commander, however, soon proved himself unable to stand up against Lee, and was replaced by Hooker, who being also beaten by Lee in the great battle of Chancellorsville, on the 1st of May, 1863, was, in his turn, replaced by Meade. Lee, though a victor, lost many men in this battle, and among others one who could never be replaced, the bold and clever Jackson, for whose death friends and foes alike mourned. It is but fair to McClellan to say here that the faith placed in him as a military organizer was well-founded. His plan of campaign was practically the same as that which was afterwards brought to a successful termination by Grant. McClellan's only fault was slowness of movement; and this alone cost many precious lives while he lingered in camp in malarial districts and the men died of fever and other distempers.

Lee's various victories over the Unionists encouraged him to make another attempt to invade the north, and on the 8th of June he started down the Shenandoah Valley, capturing various

places on the way ; but hearing that Meade was following him, and fearing to lose his line of supplies with Richmond, he turned back and prepared to meet the Unionists at Gettysburg, hoping in one great battle to crush their strength and end the war, of which he was now very weary. On the 1st of July the battle of Gettysburg began ; fierce was the fighting, and when the end of the second day came the Confederates had driven the Unionists back on to a ridge called Cemetery Hill, and closed in on them there on every side, except that towards Gettysburg. At night the Unionists held a council of war, but though they thought the chances were against them, they resolved to stay and fight it out. All the morning of the third day the Confederates were making ready for a desperate charge. At one o'clock a signal gun was fired, and they rushed forward in a magnificent column. They nearly gained the top of the ridge, but could not hold it ; Union troops were rushing in on all sides ; the slaughter was terrible, and soon but few remained of those who had advanced so gallantly, and those few took to their heels and fled. Lee, expecting

to be pursued, gathered together the scattered remnants of his army in great haste, and marched night and day towards Virginia; but Meade stayed where he was, and on the 14th the whole Confederate army was once more on Virginia soil, and the second great invasion of the North had come to an end.

Grant rested for a time after the battle of Shiloh, and then began to make plans for the taking of Vicksburg, the only place on the Mississippi still held by the Confederates. On the 20th of December he sent Sherman, a young general who had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh, with a body of troops, down the river to begin operations, promising to follow with the rest of the army and support him. But the Confederates had been watching Grant's movements, and seizing their opportunity, they destroyed the railroad for sixty miles, cutting off Grant's line of supplies with Washington, and they also burnt a depot where he had stored a large amount of food, obliging him to fall back on another line of railroad, instead of following Sherman. Vicksburg lies on the slope of a range of hills along the eastern

side of the valley of the Mississippi, and for miles and miles the whole country round is low, marshy land, covered with little streams, inlets and bayous. On the 25th of December, Sherman landed twenty miles above Vicksburg, but on the hills he found the Confederates drawn up strongly to meet him, and they beat him back with great loss on to the marsh-lands, and not feeling safe there, as at any moment the river might rise and overflow his camp, he took to the boats and went back up the river.

On the 17th of January, Grant, whose line of supplies was now in order again, set out once more to attack Vicksburg. But the difficulties even in getting there were very great. For two months he tried every way he could think of to convey his army across the low lands, and reach the hills beyond the city. He spent a large amount of labor and time in cutting a great canal through the peninsula, but the river rose, and in one day the work of weeks was swept away. He tried to force an opening through a bayou that had once been used for ships, but his vessels stuck half way. However, undaunted, he labored on, building bridges and

cutting little canals, and at last on April 30th, though still far from Vicksburg, all the troops were on firm land, and marching towards the city. The Confederates, meanwhile, had been making preparations to bar their progress, and met them in battle array at Fort Gibson, at Raymond, at Champion's Hill, and at Big Black; but everywhere the Union arms were successful, and Grant pressed steadily on, the Confederates flying before him, till eighteen days after the battle of Fort Gibson he stood before Vicksburg itself. The city is a strong one, protected by hills and battlements, and Grant's attack, made on the 22d of May, fierce though it was, failed utterly, and he saw there was nothing for it but to besiege the town, and wait for the garrison to surrender. Nearly two months went by, and Grant heard that General Johnston with a large force was hastening to the relief of the town, but before he could arrive, it had surrendered, and on the 4th of July the Union flag waved over the walls. When the news reached Johnston he rapidly retreated, fearing to meet Grant's victorious forces. The whole of the Mississippi was now open to the

Unionists, and for the first time in two years, vessels could pass safely up and down it.

The next move the Unionists made was to try and recover Charleston, but though by sea and land, they bombarded it with shot and shell, incessantly, through fifty-one long, hot, summer days, the Confederates still held Fort Sumter.

But in other parts of the country the Union forces were steadily gaining ground, and the Confederates, who had been retreating before them, determined to make a firm stand on the mountains which border Georgia; and under General Bragg they fought with such desperation in the battle of Chickamauga, that they put the Unionists to flight, and had Bragg followed up his advantage, he could have completely routed the army; but while he delayed, the scattered forces collected at Chattanooga, and Grant, who was now commander-in-chief of the west, sent troops from all parts to help them hold the place. Bragg saw the long lines of Unionists going to join their comrades, and tried to cut them off, but unsuccessfully, and soon a large army was assembled at Chattanooga, and went forth to the mountains to drive Bragg

from his stronghold. On they went, through the woods, and up the sides of the mountains, sweeping the Confederates before them with irresistible force. First they gained the crest of Lookout Mountain, then Missionary Ridge, and then the Confederates, wildly flying down the mountains, burst through the Unionist ranks, down to the Chickamauga, and only waiting to burn the bridges behind them, fled on till they were safe from pursuit on Taylor's Ridge; and the Unionists, satisfied with their victory, went back to Chattanooga.

Early in 1864, Lincoln issued a proclamation of pardon to all who would submit to the Union, with the exception of the leaders of the rebellion; but the proud Southerners would not give in, heavy though their losses had been, and the struggle was renewed.

The Unionists now determined to extend their conquests into the heart of Louisiana, and obtain command of the Red River, and the Confederates prepared to repel them, intending to draw them away from their supplies, and when they were entangled among the swamps, to fall upon, and crush them. The Unionists

sailed up the river, until they reached Grand Echore where they landed, and began to march through the forests towards Shreveport, dragging their supplies with them. The Confederates, under General Taylor, meanwhile retreated, until they reached the open country ; there they stopped, and awaited the Unionists, and, falling upon them before they were out of the wood, utterly routed them. Back through the woods the Unionists rushed, leaving their baggage behind them. Once they stopped and beat back the Confederates, who were coming somewhat carelessly after them, and then hastened on again. When they reached the river they found that one of the gunboats had been blown up, two transports captured, and the waters were falling, so that the Admiral feared the other boats would go to pieces on the rocks above the Grand Falls. After much thought they set to work to build a dam across the rocks of the falls to raise the water enough to float the gunboats ; for a week they labored, night and day, and the work was just finished, when the river swept through the opening with great force, and carried away part of the dam. The

Admiral was in despair ; no persuasion would induce the discouraged troops to set to work again. There was only one small chance left, and that he resolved to risk ; galloping up to where the gunboats were lying, he ordered them to attempt the passage. One after another, with full steam on, they approached the gap in the dam where the stream was running fast, and plunged in, amidst the breathless silence of the troops, and, after a moment of terrible suspense, came out safely in the calm water below the falls, greeted by the shouts and cheers of the whole army, and the expedition returned in safety to Alexandria.

Just about this time a band of cavalry made a very brave effort to capture Richmond, meaning to set the many prisoners free, and seize the President and members of the Congress. No warning of the coming danger reached Richmond, and a large number of the Union men arrived unhindered, but as they were not strong enough to attack without the rest of the troops, who missed their way and did not reach the city till too late, the attempt ended in nothing. Many of the most brilliant achievements of the

war were performed by the cavalry ; especially under command of General Philip H. Sheridan ; whose Napoleon-like feats of daring won the admiration of the country, and whose influence over his men was magnetic and inspiring to the highest degree.

The North now determined to unite its forces into two great armies ; one under Grant to attack Richmond, and the other under Sherman to march against Atlanta, the capital of Georgia. Both sides felt that the crisis of the long struggle was approaching, and resolved to put forth their utmost strength. Lee, with all the men he could collect together, was encamped on the south side of the Rapidan, covering Richmond and the railway. On the 4th of May, 1864, the Unionist army crossed the Rapidan, and plunged into the tangled forests of the Wilderness, and on the next day the first of the great battles of the Wilderness was fought. During the whole day it continued, Lee's army forcing the Unionists to fight for very life, and preventing their advance on Richmond. With the first gleams of light on the following day the combat began again, and continued with

varying success ; at one time the Unionists had it all their own way ; then they were driven back by Longstreet, one of the bravest of the Confederate commanders, who was always to be found in the thickest of the fight ; and he was following up his success, and leading on his troops to a final charge, when a fatal volley was fired, and he fell desperately wounded, and was carried to the rear. Lee then rushed forward to lead the troops in person, but his officers would not allow him to risk his life, and the line advanced without him, and marching through the thick undergrowth, fought desperately, until darkness put an end to the conflict. The third day of battles now began round Spottsylvania Court House, which Lee's men had seized and held, against all Unionist charges, for nineteen days ; at length Grant, weary of the struggle, retired to the Chickahominy, followed by Lee, and on the same spot where McClellan had fought two years before, another battle took place, and again the Unionists were driven back. Grant now resolved to fall suddenly upon Beauregard, who was at Petersburg, twenty-two miles from Richmond,

and crush him, before Lee knew where the Unionists were. Great haste had to be made to carry out this plan, and for two days and nights the fighting round Petersburg did not cease, the defenders driving back the Unionists with terrible loss. Lee soon came up, and placed his troops between the Union army and Richmond. Still the Unionists fought on, though they were getting worn out with fatigue and the great summer heat. They made a mine filled with gunpowder and blew it up, hoping to surprise the Confederates, and rush into the town in the confusion, but it had a contrary effect, causing fearful disorder in their own ranks; and so matters went on until the end of 1864, Grant and Lee facing each other at Petersburg, and skirmishing with varying success. The Confederates were the more often victors, but they could not, as Grant did, replace any men who were killed, all able Southerners, even old men and boys, being already in the field, and their losses being terrible, the army was growing weaker and weaker every day. Longstreet, only half recovered of his great hurt, was back again among them, cheer-

ing them with his presence, and they fought doggedly on.

Meantime Sherman had started for Atlanta, leaving Chattanooga on the 6th of May. Johnston was hovering round him, bent on luring him away from his line of supplies, when he hoped to obtain an easy victory over him. With this end in view he avoided a big battle, only skirmishing every now and then, and falling back after each encounter. The country was wild and mountainous ; it needed all Sherman's cleverness to keep up his line of supplies, and every day he was getting further and further away from the depot where they were stored ; and still Johnston retreated, until at last he entered the defenses round Atlanta itself, Sherman having followed him a hundred miles, and lost many men on the journey. But the Southerners were very angry at what they supposed to be the retreat of their general, and removed him from the command, replacing him with Hood. On the 20th of July, Sherman began a series of attacks in the wooded country round Atlanta ; one of his objects being to cut off the railroad, and prevent supplies from reach-

ing the town. This he succeeded in doing on the 27th of August, and Hood, unable to obtain supplies, fell back on Jonesboro, leaving Atlanta open to Sherman and his army; and a great step was gained in the conquest of the South. Hood now left Jonesboro and boldly threw himself on Sherman's line of supplies, but Sherman, finding out his intention, followed rapidly in his footsteps. Hood, not daring to risk a battle, hurried on, taking the road by which Sherman had come from Chattanooga, and still Sherman followed, till all the hundred miles had been retraced; and then he turned and went slowly back to Atlanta, burning and destroying everything as he went, till all behind him was a dreary wilderness, through which it was impossible for the Confederates to follow him. When he arrived at Atlanta he burnt the city to the ground, and then set out towards Savannah, through the swamps and rice-fields. The Confederates tried to stop his progress by placing felled trees across the road, but on the 10th of December he arrived before the city, which at once surrendered, the small Confederate garrison, which held it, having retreated to

South Carolina. At the end of January, 1865, Sherman left Savannah, and marched through North Carolina, taking Columbia and Charleston, and pushing the Confederate forces further and further north, though Johnston who had resumed his command, made every effort to hold his ground. Matters now were desperate for the South ; on all sides the Unionists with their much larger forces were successful. Lee's army was getting weaker and weaker, and on the 2d of April it gave way before a furious attack from Grant, and first Petersburg, and then Richmond, surrendered. Lee had now only 20,000 men, and as a last forlorn hope, he hurried off to join Johnston. All his supplies had been seized, but he had sent on orders that sufficient for the journey was to be ready for him at a depot on the way. But by some mistake the orders were not carried out, and on his arrival there he found that no food was to be had. He dared not wait, for the Unionists were close upon his heels, and hastened on, hoping to be able to obtain supplies at some place on the way. Meantime the sufferings of his soldiers were terrible ; starving and worn out, numbers

surrendered, but still Lee and the brave remnant kept on their weary way, till their strength was all gone, and after a last desperate stand, they gave themselves up. Grant treated them with the greatest kindness and respect for their long and gallant resistance, and his men welcomed them as comrades. Lee's first act after surrender was to ask Grant for food for his starving men, who had long been on less than half rations. It was a sad day when Lee had to take leave of the troops that had followed him so long, with faithful and loving devotion, and tears rained from all eyes when, with a choking voice, he said: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done the best I could for you," and slowly and mournfully they all dispersed to their homes.

Johnston saw it was useless to continue the struggle, and he, too, gave in. Jefferson Davis, the deposed President, disguised in woman's garments, tried to escape to Mexico, but was captured with his wife and family and taken as a prisoner to Fort Monroe. And so the long Civil War came to an end, and the generals who had gone through so many excit-

ing adventures, settled down to quiet business and domestic life; Lee as the head of a college; Johnston as the manager of a despatch department; Beauregard as the head of a railway, and Longstreet and Hood as partners together in a business in New Orleans.

In this brief account of the war the splendid achievements of the American navy have not been dwelt on. But in the War of the Rebellion, as in all other wars in which our people have ever engaged, the navy did noble service. In the second year of the war the fleet under Admiral Farragut, sailed up the Mississippi, fought and escaped the forts around New Orleans, and took that city; which our troops, under command of General Butler, occupied till the end of the war, cutting off all aid to the South from that quarter. This was only the beginning of a series of naval successes led by Farragut, Davis, Porter and others, which aided and supplemented the efforts of our troops to the end of the war, and checked or captured numerous English blockade runners who tried their utmost to aid the South. An old wooden ship, the "Mississippi," with which the brave Perry had long before opened trade

with Japan, attacked and sunk in the harbor, the Rebel Ram "Manasses," which the South believed to be invincible. More than a year later, when Farragut's fleet tried to pass, at midnight, the Rebel batteries around Port Hudson, the old frigate "Mississippi" ran aground in shallow water, and alone fought the batteries until her powder magazine caught fire, and her men escaped in boats. She was burned to the water's edge and sank where she lay—a brave and fitting death. Dewey, who took Manila, was then Lieutenant on board the "Mississippi" and actively conducted the engagement that night.

CHAPTER IX

It is said that, on the 14th of April, 1865, Lincoln was warned in a dream of some great danger near at hand. He dreamed he saw a flag-draped coffin in the East Room of the White House and heard the weeping people about say, "The President is dead." On the evening of the same day he went with his wife and some friends to the theatre at Washington, to see a performance of "Our American Cousin." Suddenly in the middle of the piece the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house; a man jumped from the President's box on to the stage, and although the spur of one of his riding boots caught in the American flag which draped the box, and the mishap cost him a broken leg, the whole thing was done so suddenly that he had time to brandish his weapon and shout "Sic Semper Tyrannis," before he disappeared through the stage entrance. Instantly the whole house was in an uproar. The leading actress,

Laura Keene, seemed the first to fully realize the situation. She flew to the dying President and lifted his head into her lap. Some of the stage people now declared that the assassin looked like John Wilkes Booth, the actor—who had played in the theatre and thus knew the ground. Pursuit was instant, but the murderer had already mounted his horse and escaped. He hid in a barn some miles from Washington and remained there several days, while soldiers, police and people searched for him. Meanwhile a certain Dr. Mudd, a former friend, had set his broken leg; but this relief came too late; gangrene had already set in, and the wretch was practically a dying man when he was discovered. As he refused to yield, the barn was fired; and as Booth in desperate straits crawled to the door, and, still defiant, made an effort to escape, the light from the flames revealed him, and a pistol shot from his captors put an end to his misery. Booth was one of the most fiery of rebels, a young man of great physical beauty and genius as an actor. It afterwards turned out that a conspiracy had been planned to kill the President and members of his cabinet.

When lots were drawn it fell upon Booth to kill the President, and he carried out his promise. The same night Secretary of State Seward was stabbed in his own house, but recovered. The conspiracy was unraveled; four of its leaders were hanged and the others were imprisoned. In the death of Lincoln the South lost its best friend.

The whole country mourned the death of their President, for he was much beloved, and their rejoicings over the finish of the long Civil War were dimmed and forgotten, in grief at their loss. Strong and kind, pure of heart and firm of will, full of love for his country and his fellow-men, every one acknowledged him to be one of the greatest of our heroes.

Andrew Johnson now became President. He had begun life in a tailor's shop, and had not learnt to read till he was ten, or to write till after he was twenty. But he was a man of very strong will, and making up his mind in his earliest boyhood that he would be a great man some day, he had steadily worked his way upwards, and become known and respected, for a time occupying the position of Governor of Ten-

nessee. In the South he had been hated and feared, and more than once had the Southerners burnt mock images of him ; and so when he became President at the end of the Civil War, it was thought that his punishment of the rebellious States would be very severe. But to the surprise of every one he was far more gentle with them than Congress, whose opinion was that the Southern States ought not to join the Union until it pleased Congress to allow them to do so, in years to come. Johnson, on the contrary, wanted to pardon them, and allow them to return to the Union at once, if they would promise to faithfully obey and support the laws of the Union, and abolish slavery, once and for all. This difference of opinion led to a long and bitter quarrel between the President and the Congress ; every day the breach between them grew wider, till in 1867 Congress tried to limit his power by forbidding him to change Government officials without the consent of the Senate. This roused in Johnson a spirit of obstinacy, and he at once removed the Secretary of War and appointed another in his place. Congress seized the opportunity to accuse him of various acts

against the Union ; he was brought to trial, but nothing could be proved against him, and he was set free. Congress, however, had their way with regard to the Southern States, which were not allowed to join the Union for five years, and in the meantime were kept under very strict rule. In Johnson's time slavery was abolished forever in the United States of America.

During the Civil War, while our people had their hands full at home, Napoleon, Emperor of France, sent an army into Mexico, and conquered it, with the wild idea of making it into an Empire, and he set on the throne the Austrian Archduke Maximillian, who proclaimed that any one who resisted his authority should be shot. Our people could do nothing but protest at the time ; but directly the Civil War was over they insisted on the French troops being removed from Mexico, saying they would drive them out if they would not go quietly. The French, knowing they were not strong enough to successfully oppose the American army, hastened back to their own land, leaving the poor Emperor to his fate, and hardly had they gone than the Mexicans rose up in arms, seized

the Emperor, and remembering his threat to them, shot him to death in his own courtyard.

In 1866, the ocean telegraph was laid across the Atlantic by Cyrus W. Field.

In 1867, the United States made the important purchase from Russia of Alaska, a vast country, nearly 600,000 square miles in size, and rich in furs, fisheries, timber, gold and many other valuable things. The value of Alaska is only beginning to be generally known.

In the same year Nebraska was added to the Union.

In 1868, General Ulysses S. Grant, the great victor of the Civil War, was chosen President, and wisely and well as he had ruled his army, did he now govern his country. Peace and prosperity smiled on the land and many disputes, which in former days would have led to war, were settled without strife. Trade flourished, and the gold, silver, iron and coal mines were largely worked; thousands of miles of railroad were laid; the chief of which ran from New York to San Francisco, a distance of over 3,300 miles; and nowadays a traveler can go from the Atlantic to the Pacific in less time than

he could go from Washington to Boston a century ago. Grant was known all over the world as one of the cleverest commanders of the age, and when his years of power came to an end, and he set out on a long tour, visiting Europe, Africa, India, China and Japan, everywhere he went the people sought to do him honor.

In 1876, Rutherford B. Hayes became President. He was a highly educated man, a Harvard student and a barrister, and in the Civil War had distinguished himself and risen to the rank of general. He was a man of strong will and great ability, and it was owing to his skilful management that a great dispute which arose between employers and their men, was peacefully settled. This dispute or strike as it was called, the men refusing to work unless their wages were increased, was curiously the result of the prosperity of the country in the days of Grant ; as many adventurers seized the opportune time to float schemes and companies, which came to nothing, and led to many failures ; manufacturies ceasing, banks closing their doors, and many employers being obliged to cut down

the number of their men, and the amount of their wages.

The Sioux Indians too, gave trouble. They tried to prevent the whites taking the gold which had been discovered in the Black Hills of Dakota, and fought as they had never fought before, for they knew if they were crushed this time their power would be broken forever. General Custer, called by the Indians "Long Yellow Hair" was fiercest against them; but one sad day a large band of Indians surprised him at a distance from the camp, when he had only a few men with him, and put them all to death; Rain-in-the-Face, an Indian chief who hated the brave white, even cutting the heart out of his body on the battle-field in token of revenge. But this was the last triumph of the Indians. Thirsting for vengeance, the whites pursued them to their strongholds, and did not cease the conflict until there was no fear of their ever rising again.

In this same year of 1876 the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated by a great World's Fair at Philadelphia, where the Declaration had been signed.

All the civilized nations of the world took part in it, and it was soon seen that the United States was far ahead of any of them in inventions, chief of which was the telephone, while in art she was behind some of the other countries.

In the same year Colorado was added to the Union.

In 1881, James A. Garfield was chosen President. He, like so many of our great men, had been born in poverty, and rose by his own hard work and merit to greatness. All his youth was spent in working as a laborer, a carpenter, a harvester, anything in fact by which he could make money to pay for his schooling. At first he had to teach himself, but by working very hard, he at last saved enough money to enter Williams College, and in two years' time he left it with the highest honors, and was appointed President of Hiram College. Although he loved learning so much, yet when his country needed him in the time of the Civil War, he threw aside his books, and fought bravely for the Union. In 1863, he became a member of Congress, and rising higher and higher in the esteem of his countrymen, after seventeen years

he was chosen President. But his well-earned honors were not long to be his, for before four months had gone by he was shot at Washington railway station by a half-crazed politician named Guiteau, to whom he had refused an office under Government. He did not die at once, but lingered on in great suffering for two months.

Chester Alan Arthur, the Vice-President succeeded Garfield. He was the son of an Irish clergyman ; a scholarly man. President Arthur had begun life as a teacher, then became a lawyer, had filled several political positions, among them collector of the port of New York, and had fought in the Civil War. He was noted for his social graces ; and it was often said that not since the early days of the Republic—when manners were more courtly—had there been a president who preserved the etiquette of his position as he did. In his time the Brooklyn bridge over the wide East River, one of the engineering marvels of the world, was finished, and finished too, was a great marble monument in memory of Washington, which had been many years in building.

In 1884, Grover Cleveland became President. His life had been an adventurous one, beginning in a country store ; after which he taught the blind in a New York Institute, and leaving there, became a clerk in a Buffalo law firm, where he rapidly learnt law, and was admitted to the bar. He was the first of the Presidents after the Civil War, who had not been in the army, but he had a mother and sister, dependent on him for their daily bread, and he could not afford to risk his life, though he longed, as a young man will, to fight for his country. His public character won him the love and respect of his countrymen, who chose him as sheriff, mayor, governor, and finally, highest honor of all, President.

In his time many complaints were made about the Chinese, who had come to America in great numbers, and, having left their wives and children in their own country, were willing to work for much smaller wages than the American laborer could live on ; and a law was passed to stop their coming here.

There were strikes too, in various parts of the country, which were chiefly caused by some

discontented idle people called Anarchists, but they were tried and imprisoned, and the trouble blew over.

Benjamin Harrison was the next President. His grandfather had held the same high post forty-eight years before. He had been a University student, a lawyer, and a general in the war. One of the first events after he became President, was the purchase of Oklahoma from the Indians, a tract of country 39,000 square miles in size. At noon on April the 2d, 1889, at which hour settlers were allowed to enter the new state, over 50,000 persons were waiting to hasten in and choose plots of land. When the signal was given there was a wild rush, and before night came on, most of the land was already staked out in claims, and several towns begun.

In the same year four new states were added to the Union, North Dakota, South Dakota, Idaho and Wyoming.

In the same year there was a terrible accident in Pennsylvania ; a large dam burst, letting out a great flood of water, which swept away almost the whole of the busy manufacturing town of

Johnstown, drowning hundreds of people, and destroying an enormous amount of property.

There were also a few little disputes with various foreign countries, but they were all satisfactorily settled.

In 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus was celebrated by a huge exhibition at Chicago, called the World's Columbian Exposition.

In 1893, Cleveland was again chosen President. During this second term of his, from some cause or another, business did not flourish, and there were many failures and strikes; the chief of which was a great railroad strike at Chicago, when the soldiers had to be called in to keep order.

In 1895, there was a dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana about the boundary line between them; for more than half a century there had been trouble over this, and now rich gold mines having been discovered on the land which they both claimed, matters came to a crisis; but at length it was settled by Arbitration; *i. e.*, the matter was decided by a third party.

In 1896, there was great excitement and discussion over the question whether there should be a gold coinage only, or the free coinage of both gold and silver; some people took one side, and some the other, calling themselves the Gold Party and the Silver Party, and at the election the Gold Party triumphed, their man McKinley being chosen President. He is a very clever man, who has devoted a great deal of time and thought to the matter of customs and duties and rates; indeed, in 1890 he drew up a whole new scheme or Tariff, called the McKinley Tariff, reducing the duties on some articles, and increasing it on others, and placing the whole system on a much improved footing.

The last very important event in the history of our country, is the successful war in Cuba. This island, since its discovery by Columbus has, until the time of which we are now speaking, belonged to the Spaniards, who governed it in the most cruel and unjust way. Again and again have the unfortunate Cubans, unable to endure the tyranny of their conquerors, risen in rebellion; indeed, between the

years 1868 and 1878 in particular, peace was unknown in the island. Our people were very sorry for the Cubans, and very indignant at the cruel way in which they were treated. We tried to persuade the Spaniards to be more gentle with them, and finding persuasion useless, even offered to purchase the island from her, but the offer was refused. She did not know how to help them as she was at peace with Spain, but many private people in the United States sent over arms and men to help the Cubans in their frequent risings; and so matters went on till early in 1898 when the Americans sent their man-of-war the "Maine" to pay a friendly visit to the Spaniards in Cuba, hoping by courtesy and friendliness to induce them to alter their harsh government of the island; but on the night of the 15th of February, while at anchor in the harbor, the "Maine" was mysteriously blown up, and nearly all her men killed. The Spaniards crowded to the scene of the disaster, professing the greatest regret and surprise, and disclaiming any knowledge of how it happened. Our people said little until they had gone very carefully into the matter, but when they found

that the ship had evidently been blown up by a mine at the bottom of the harbor, they could no longer doubt that it was the work of the Spaniards, and, their patience at an end, they declared war on Spain on the 21st of April, and busy preparations began. The United States fleet in the east under Admiral Dewey was ordered to proceed to the Philippines, to attack the Spanish fleet there; all the ports in Cuba were blockaded in order to prevent ships with provisions and arms going to the relief of the Spaniards, and on the 1st of May our people sent over an envoy to General Garcia, the leader of the Cubans, offering him all the help he wanted, men, arms and ships, and it was arranged that a force under General Shafter should march to Santiago, while the fleet under Admiral Sampson should blockade the entrance to Santiago harbor.

While all these arrangements were being carefully carried out, a wonderfully daring feat was attempted by our fleet. On the 28th of May the "Merrimac," laden with coal was despatched to Cuba. When all the coal had been distributed, everything of any value was re-

moved from the ship, and all the officers and men left it, with the exception of Lieutenant Hobson, and a few volunteers, who remained on board to put the last final touches to their task, which was to sink the Merrimac at the entrance to Santiago harbor, thus making it impossible for the Spanish ships to get out to sea. It had been arranged that, as they came within sight of the harbor, an American ship was to bear down upon them, and pretend to chase them, firing blank shots, so as to lead the Spaniards to suppose that it was one of their own ships, which was entering the harbor ; but instead of blank shots, they were greeted with real shots by the Spaniards, who continued firing until the ship went down, and then claimed Hobson and his men as prisoners, seizing them as they were bravely swimming away from the vanishing ship. They were soon exchanged, however, for prisoners taken by our people.

The troops were now approaching Santiago, and on the first of July a victory was obtained over the Spaniards after much hard fighting at El Caney and San Juan, two important posi-

tions ; and fighting began round Santiago. The Spaniards fought bravely, but our men fought better, and soon it was easy to see who would be the victors. When the Spanish admiral saw that the town was doomed he felt it would be better to make a desperate effort to break through the ring of our ships at the mouth of the harbor, and perhaps escape. Our fleet had been blockading the harbor for five weeks, but they were all on the alert, and when the first Spanish ship appeared, they instantly began firing, and continued unceasingly until every one of the Spanish ships was disabled. Following close on this great victory came the surrender of Santiago on the 7th of July.

Meanwhile, in Manila Bay, in the Philippines, Admiral Dewey had been equally successful, winning a great victory over the Spanish fleet there; which ended in its practical destruction ; while a third expedition had landed in Porto Rico, and marched victoriously across the island, between July the 25th and August the 14th, clearing eleven towns of the enemy. The last battle in the war took place in Porto Rico just a few hours after the town of Manila in the

Philippines surrendered to our victorious troops, and then the Spanish everywhere defeated, begged for peace. A treaty was signed on the 18th of August, Spain giving up to the United States Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The United States gave in exchange for the latter \$20,000,000. Individual Spaniards have often since been heard to complain of the smallness of this sum, declaring that the Philippines are worth many times this sum; they seem to forget that according to the chances of war and the custom of nations, the United States was not obliged to pay anything, and did so out of a sense of justice towards a much poorer nation.

Not since our Civil War has any president been called upon to deal with such trying and complicated questions as fell to the lot of President McKinley during the Spanish-American war. A large number of our people were from the start very much opposed to what they called "expansion." They felt we had territory enough to manage, and they did not wish our Government to enter the field of foreign conquest so long occupied by England and other nations. So strong was this sentiment that it

was made one of the political issues in the presidential campaign, which took place in the fall of 1900, when Mr. McKinley ran for the second time against William Jennings Bryan, who stood for the free coinage of silver and anti-expansion. But Mr. McKinley was reelected President by a large majority, which goes to show that most of the people of the United States believe in a gold standard and are not opposed to holding more territory.

The gratitude of the people of Cuba to the United States for freeing them from the yoke of Spain was deep and heartfelt. Soon some of the Cubans began to agitate for their total freedom from any other country, and for power to form a Government of their own and become a separate nation. This was practically the conditions on which the United States freed them; and the people of our country have no wish to make Cuba a permanent part of the United States except of her own free will. Meanwhile, as she is not yet in a position to rule herself, she remains under the authority of the United States.

Porto Rico has given us no trouble; she came

gladly under our protection, and has only complained of her poverty and lack of business enterprise during the period of reconstruction. Much has been done during the year 1901, to put her into a position to help in her own development.

The Philippines have given us a good deal of trouble. Her people are made up of mixed races, who have many old and factious troubles of their own to settle, and they, too, after their experience with Spain, wanted to be a free and independent people. This feeling was fanned into a flame by a man named Aguinaldo, who as soon as the Spaniards left the country began to pose as a National patriot and leader of the people. After a time he got together an army, and kept up an intermittent and irregular warfare, which greatly harassed our troops stationed in the Philippines, and together with the hardships of the climate on our men, caused the loss of many hundreds of valuable lives. The warfare, mostly of the guerrilla sort, and scattered over a wide expanse of unknown country, has been hard for regular soldiers to cope with. At last a surprise was planned by General Funston and others. Aguinaldo was entrapped and

taken early in the spring of 1901, and held prisoner by the United States. He took the oath of allegiance, solemnly promising never again to take up arms against our nation. With his arrest, active war in the Philippines came to an end. It remains a question of time only for the people of the Philippines to become a loyal, contented and prosperous part of our republic. Our country has already absorbed and made happy people from all races and conditions of men. There is no reason why the Filipinos should prove an exception.

The first year of the new century was destined, however, to witness a tragedy at home which brought sorrow to every heart. President McKinley, who was so greatly beloved, was cruelly shot and mortally wounded by an anarchist named Czolgosz, while holding a public reception at the Pan-American Exposition in the city of Buffalo on the sixth day of September, 1901. The assassin was in the line of people whom the President was receiving, his right hand covered with a handkerchief as if it had been injured. As he approached

Mr. McKinley he extended his left hand and immediately fired two shots from a pistol concealed in the right. Intense excitement followed this cowardly act. The President was found to be mortally wounded, and died a week afterward, September 14, 1901.

This terrible crime, perpetrated at a time when peace and prosperity were making so many hearts happy in our land, sent a thrill of horror throughout the world. President McKinley had served only six months of his second term of office and was succeeded by Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt, who became President, and is the youngest Chief Executive since the foundation of the Government. President Roosevelt, young as he is, has had a long and honorable career in public office, having served in city, State and national affairs for nearly twenty years.

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